November 5, 1964 35¢

The Leaders and Their Mandates

A Place to Sleep in Romania

THE REPORTER

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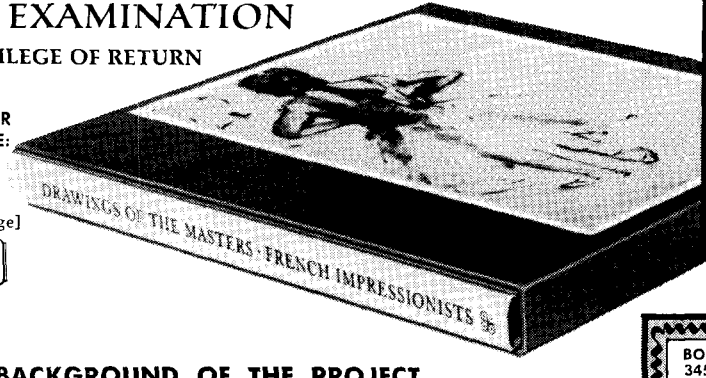

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES 12

Where the Voters Decide

THE LEADERS AND THEIR MANDATES—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 16
MR. WILSON'S HOUR . . . . . *Claire Sterling* 17
SIGNS OF THINGS TO COME . . . . . *H. G. Nicholas* 20
WHO WAS BILL MILLER? . . . . . *Barbara Carter* 21

At Home & Abroad

THE NEW B. & K. . . . . *Severyn Bialer* 25
GOLDWATER AND THE BOMB: WRONG QUESTIONS, WRONG ANSWERS . . . . . *Henry A. Kissinger* 27
LONG ODDS AND SURE THINGS ON THE CALIFORNIA BALLOT . . . . . *Joe and Barbara Saltzman* 28
OSAGYEFO THINKS DEEP . . . . . *Thomas Sterling* 30
A PLACE TO SLEEP IN ROMANIA . . . . . *George Bailey* 33
MALAYSIA: A TEMPTING TARGET . . . . . *Denis Warner* 35

Views & Reviews

THE KIDS IN WRANGELL . . . . . *Joan K. Davidson* 38
TO A CHILD WITH A TOP (VERSE) . . . . . *Richard Moore* 39
A SLAPSTICK RENAISSANCE . . . . . *Walker Stuart* 40
FLIGHT (DRAWINGS) . . . . . *Fernando Krahn* 41
GOING FOR BAROQUE . . . . . *John M. Conly* 44

Books:

SARTRE RESARTUS . . . . . *Justin O'Brien* 47
DROPOUT FROM WHAT? . . . . . *Nat Hentoff* 48
OUR LITERARY TOCQUEVILLE . . . . . *Robert Sklar* 50
THE REPORTER PUZZLE 46

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Friday, November 6 (7:30-8:30 PM)
Bernstein conducts Borodin, Dvorak, and Falla.
Monday, November 30 (7:30-8:30 PM)

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Port of New York about mid 19th C.; About the beginning of Pittsburgh industry; A midwestern city's crops and livestock; Los Angeles' post-war development.
Saturdays, Nov. 7 through 28 (12-12:30 PM)

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Other programs of special interest—

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Look Up and Live
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The Louvre
Charles Boyer narrates. Masterpieces of one of the world's greatest museums.
Tuesday, November 17 (10-11 PM)

John F. Kennedy Commemorative Programs
The Burden and the Glory of John F. Kennedy.
Wednesday, November 18 (7:30-8:30 PM)
John F. Kennedy. His Two Worlds;
John F. Kennedy Remembered.
Sunday, November 22 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Lamp Unto My Feet
Vatican Council: Major Decisions.
Sunday, November 22 (10-10:30 AM)

Two Friends of Winston Churchill
Edward R. Murrow and Lord Ismay.
Wednesday, November 25 (7:30-8 PM)

The Other World of Winston Churchill
Alec Guinness narrates a 90th birthday tribute.
Monday, November 30 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: World War 1/That Was the Week That Was

Wednesdays: CBS Reports/ABC Scope

Saturdays: Sunrise Semester/Mr. Mayor/ NCAA Football/Mr. Magoo

Sundays: Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Issues and Answers/AFL/NFL/Sunday/Wild Kingdom/ College Bowl/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

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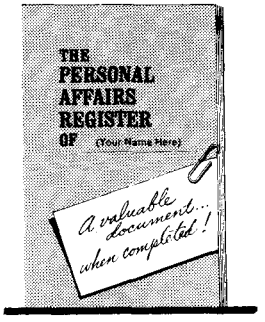

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

The selection of leaders and the definition of their mandates is the subject of **Max Ascoli's** editorial.

The ides of October, 1964, recorded a series of events that jarred the world like an earthquake. The first of these was Labour's unseating the Conservative government by the narrowest margin in Britain's modern history. **Claire Sterling** reports that Prime Minister Harold Wilson's hopes for survival in office depend on his ability to stimulate economic reforms and to revise Labour's inconsistent defense policies. . . . A shift of 1.2 per cent of the British vote, such as might have been made had the news of Khrushchev's fall and China's atomic explosion come one or two days earlier, would have reversed the outcome. **H. G. Nicholas** analyzes the decline of Labour's total in the last few elections and the rise of the Liberal vote to show that Wilson's party must find a new radicalism if it is to recapture its share of the electorate. Mr. Nicholas, currently in this country at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton on leave from his post at New College, Oxford, is a pre-eminent authority on the electoral process in his country and is the author of *The British Elections of 1950*. . . . In America many people will be voting against candidates rather than for their opponents. The Republicans offer these voters a chance to reject not only the extremism of Barry Goldwater but also the mediocrity of William E. Miller. **Barbara Carter** has explored Mr. Miller's past and recently followed him on the campaign trail.

THE QUESTION "Who are Brezhnev and Kosygin?" is answered by **Severyn Bialer,** a Senior Fellow at the Research Institute of Communist Affairs and Research Associate in the Russian Institute at Columbia University. Brezhnev is an archetypal professional organizer and party bureaucrat; Kosygin is a specialist in economic administration. Neither has Khrushchev's flair, and their régime promises to be cautious and colorless. . . . Senator Goldwater's criticisms of the present system of control over nuclear weapons and his recommendations for giving the NATO commander latitude to use tactical weapons without Presidential authorization are examined by **Henry A. Kissinger,** professor at Harvard's Center for International Affairs. . . . California voters this fall face a bewildering array of state constitutional amendments, none more curious than a proposal to create a state lottery to be handed over to a private corporation. **Joe and Barbara Saltzman** are Los Angeles journalists. . . . President Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana's latest excursion into political philosophy is reviewed by **Thomas Sterling,** a novelist who has traveled widely in Africa. . . . **George Bailey's** recent visit to Romania provided rich anecdotal material but not much sleep. . . . Another aspect of the interrelated troubles in Southeast Asia —the Malaysia-Indonesia dispute— is discussed by **Denis Warner,** an Australian journalist who reports regularly from the region.

"I WRITE as a plain citizen, a housewife," **Joan K. Davidson** recently explained. Well, almost. A former staff member of Senator Lyndon B. Johnson's Preparedness subcommittee, she had also been a teacher, magazine writer, and advertising copy writer before setting out for her sojourn in Wrangell, Alaska, where her husband's lumber company has a sawmill. . . . This is the first appearance in our pages of the Irish poet **Richard Moore.** . . . **Walker Stuart** directed *That's Me,* a comedy short nominated for an Academy Award this year. . . . **John M. Conly** is a former editor of *High Fidelity.* . . . **Justin O'Brien** is a professor of French at Columbia University. He is the author of *Portrait of André Gide* and the editor-translator of Gide's *Journals* (Knopf). . . . **Nat Hentoff's** latest book is *The New Equality* (Viking). . . . **Robert Sklar** teaches American history and literature at Harvard.

Our cover is by **Edgar Blakeney.**

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EDITORIAL JUDGMENT

To the Editor: Max Ascoli's editorial "Neither an Echo nor a Choice" (*The Reporter*, October 8) was, to say the least, a commendable piece of writing. The policy suggested therein—that it is better to vote *for* President Johnson than *against* Senator Goldwater—is one which should be heeded by all Americans. While still appreciating the overall merit and quality of your magazine, I wish to suggest that perhaps "practicing what you preach" might be a more effective way to convince readers of your sincerity.

Following the editorial were three articles, "The Grenier Plan for the G.O.P.," "Senator Goldwater and the Negro," and "The William Miller Problem," all of which espoused negative reasons for voting for Johnson and positive reasons to vote against Goldwater. Also, the general tenor of your magazine ever since San Francisco has been along these lines.

I don't wish to negate the value of pointing out the defects and inconsistencies of a candidate, but, as Mr. Ascoli points out, there is another side of the coin. Why don't you begin your campaign yourselves, by telling us some more of the reasons to vote for a man instead of against another?

GEORGE D. RANDELS
Kenmore, New York

To the Editor: I share the feelings expressed in "Neither an Echo nor a Choice." It seems incredible to me that an extreme and irrational minority should gain control of one of the two major political parties in America, thus eliminating perhaps for the next quarter century the two-party system, with all the implications and consequences which such an eventuality entails.

The so-called "responsible" Republican leadership must be blamed for what happened to the system because it failed miserably in its duty and obligation to see that the party follow the path toward the twenty-first century rather that the nineteenth.

GEORGE K. ZAHAROPOULOS
San Bernandino, California

To the Editor: I have read almost every issue of *The Reporter* since its birth, to my profit and pleasure.

But your last two editorials ("Neither an Echo nor a Choice" and "This Electoral Trauma") were worth the whole price of admission.

ROBERT W. HUDGENS
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

BANG! BANG!

To the Editor: Elizabeth Brenner Drew's "The Gun Law That Didn't Go Off" (*The Reporter*, October 8) appears to be a straightforward account of the facts as she was able to discern them. I certainly cannot take issue with her reporting. For your information, our company has made a public statement that it supported the bill submitted by Senator Dodd concerned with the purchase of mail order guns.

I am sure that many of the men who are vehement in their opposition to gun legislation recognize, at least within themselves, that some control is necessary. However, we live in a world of negotiation and compromise so that the advocate of any point of view must take an extreme stand in the hope of getting at least part of what he wants. Furthermore, a pretty good defense could be made for the thesis that that government is best which governs least. Personally, like any other middle-aged liberal, I am horrified by what may best be described as national morality on the one hand and equally horrified by efforts to legislate morality on the other. Implicit in Mrs. Drew's article are value judgments on the taste of the gun enthusiast if not on his morality. The taste that these ads may represent is certainly no more reprehensible than the insidious exhortations to consume conspicuously that characterize the advertising pages of *Vogue* and the *New Yorker*.

In summary, my response to Mrs. Drew's article is that it is obviously written by an intelligent woman and strikes a sympathetic note with me.

PAUL A. BENKE, President
Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Co., Inc.
Hartford, Connecticut

To the Editor: I have corresponded with Senator Dodd on his bill and have come to the conclusion that his main concern is not that all these firearms may be used for some nefarious purpose, but that they were not made in Connecticut, the senator's home state and the leading center of the small-arms business. Dodd's writing is replete with references, not to firearms, but to foreign-made firearms, as if somehow evil is associated with a Spanish pistol and wholesomeness with the Winchester rifle.

YALE JAY LUBKIN
Port Washington, New York

To the Editor: I believe two statements in Mrs. Drew's article need clarification.

I too saw the ad titled "Submachine Gun For Father's Day?" and it should be pointed out that this particular item was sold deactivated (completely incapable of firing) and attempts at reactivation are subject to heavy penalties under the 1934 National Firearms Act.

The second statement is much more serious, as it contains a basic error in fact. Machine guns, flamethrowers, and aerial bombs are *not* sold through the NRA from the Defense Department! This particular collection of weapons sounds as though it came directly from recent

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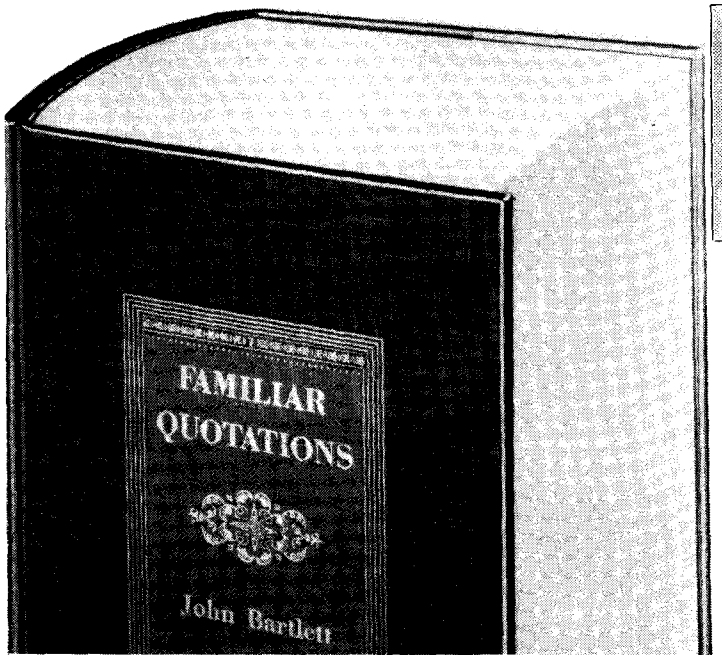

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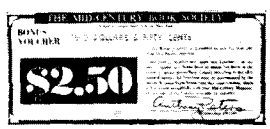

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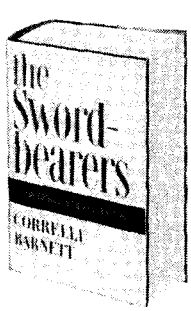

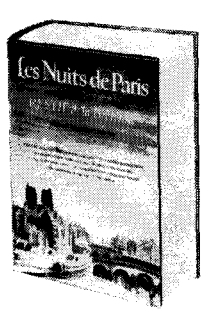

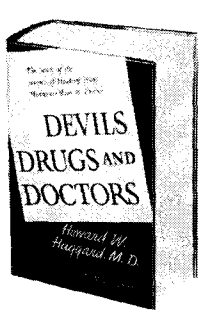

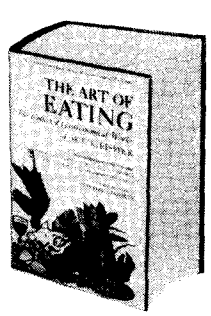

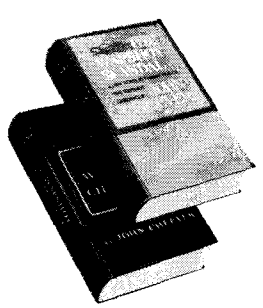

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newscasts concerning the apprehension of a dealer in illegal arms in the Midwest.

Unintentional goofs like this make it even more difficult for us gunfans who aren't members of nut groups, far-right or far-left groups, etc., to preserve our collections.

BRUCE BYDAL, Life Member
National Rifle Association
of America
Martinsville, Virginia

The author replies:

The advertisement for the submachine gun was placed in the record of the *Juvenile Delinquency* subcommittee hearings by a Los Angeles police official, who pointed out that at least one murder had been committed recently in his city with such a "deactivated" weapon. Senator Dodd's investigators have stated that it took them only two to three minutes to reactivate one of the weapons. However, Mr. Bydal is correct when he states that machine guns, flamethrowers, and aerial bombs are not given out through the gun clubs; Dodd's investigators report that such weapons are sold directly to the public as scrap by the military and that large numbers of them are subsequently and illegally reactivated.

To the Editor: Mrs. Drew's article on the firearms traffic concerns a problem that has been one of my chief concerns in recent years. It summed up the problem quite well, although it did overlook one of the most important legislative proposals intended to deal with it. I am referring to the bill introduced by Representative Frank M. Karsten (D., Missouri), that would completely eliminate the mail order traffic and impose higher standards of responsibility upon dealer sales.

JAMES V. BENNETT, Consultant
Federal Bureau of Prisons
Washington, D.C.

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #111

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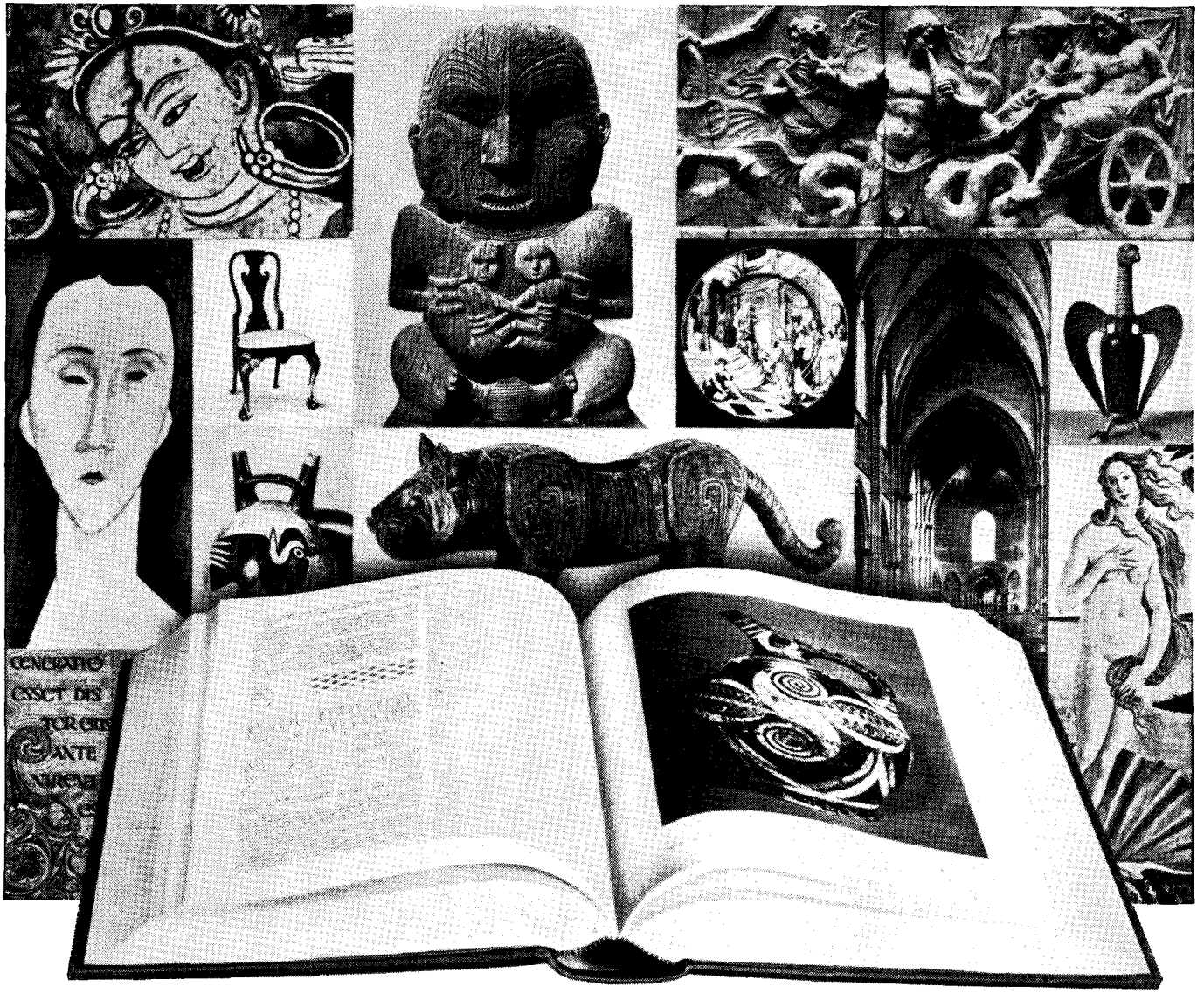

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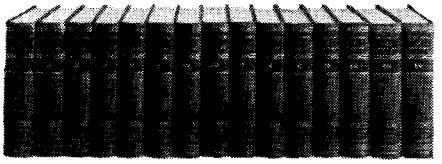

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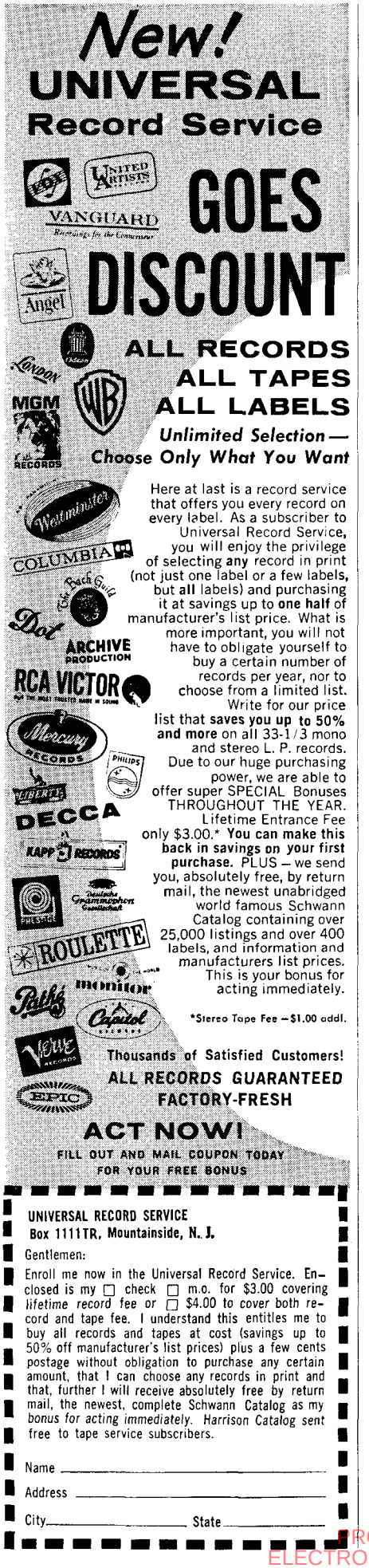
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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Kennedy vs. Keating (*Con.*)

In the final days of the Senate race in New York State between incumbent Kenneth B. Keating and challenger Robert F. Kennedy, an old and delicate question—What is a liberal?—seems to have become central in the deliberations of many voters in New York City. From our point of view, the question is most interesting of all when applied to many of the voters themselves—liberals who seem content to measure and define their liberalism against a check list of erring Keating votes of which they have never heard before and which have been conveniently enumerated for them by the Kennedy forces. We say this not simply on the basis of the esoteric and somewhat comical quality of many of the "charges" but on the more serious ground that, to judge from their ads and handbills, the Kennedy forces have not been above inventing the nonexistent bill or amendment for Senator Keating to have voted against on the more important issues.

Take the matter of aid to higher education as it is discussed in a widely circulated document called "The Myth of Keating's Liberalism." "Against Aid to Education," the headline reads, and the point is made: "In 1963, he voted to cut $600 million from the Aid to Higher Education Bill (H.R. 6143)." The nonmythical liberal who wrote that line must have known that there simply was no such amendment ever introduced or voted upon with regard to H.R. 6143. A scrutiny of the record reveals that the amendment Keating voted for was the one described in the *Congressional Quarterly* as the Prouty-Ribicoff amendment "to substitute the House version of the bill, providing a three-year program with grants available for a broader range of academic facilities." Rather than authorizing an annual expenditure of $350 million for each of five years, it would have authorized a *higher* annual expenditure ($398 million) for each of three years, with provision to review the program and authorize more funds at a later time. If this was an illiberal vote "against aid to education," it will doubtless come as a surprise to those who voted with Keating on it: Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania, Paul H. Douglas of Illinois, Philip A. Hart of Michigan—not to mention Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts.

There have been similar attacks on the Keating record that have been distinguished only by their creativity. One is that he has voted "against every major proposal for aid for construction of primary and secondary schools and for teachers' salaries." It isn't true. Nor is the charge that Keating derided the proposed test-ban treaty and only spoke for it when its passage was assured. We counted fourteen separate speeches on its behalf prior to passage, a finding that did not surprise us since we recalled that Keating had in fact been one of the co-sponsors in the Senate of the

BREZHNEV'S SONG

(From the Russian of A. A. Milnikov)

Comrade Nikita went
Hoppity, hoppity,
Hoppity, hoppity, hop.
Whenever we told him
Politely to stop it, he
Said, "I can't possibly stop."
We told him, "Nikky, that won't
get you anywhere.
Good Comrade Nikky,
It *won't* get you anywhere."
That's why we gave him the
Boppity, boppity,
Boppity,
Boppity,
BOP!

—Wallace Carroll

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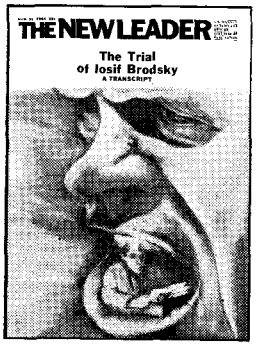

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The coupon above will bring you an ungrateful little biweekly magazine called The New Leader.

It doesn't pay its contributors for their articles. (Yet it often has the gall to argue with them publicly in its editorial columns.) It also regularly infuriates its readers and financial supporters.

Recently it upset so many of them by running Irving Kristol's hard-headed and, some thought, hard-hearted analysis of poverty in the U.S.A., that it had to devote the better part of two subsequent issues to rebuttals.

Soon afterward, it outraged some of its most influential subscribers—including members of Congress, and almost everybody at the State Department—by publishing a biting series of articles by Theodore Draper on U.S.-Cuban relations. (Among other things, these articles revealed a well-kept secret: that the State Department had made an undercover attempt at *rapprochement* with Castro way back in 1960—including an offer of aid.)

But don't think it's just The New Leader's political articles that bite into its readers. More than one devoted subscriber has yelped at an Albert Bermel drama review, a John Simon movie review, a Hilton Kramer art column, a David Boroff piece on the TV scene, or Dika Newlin on music. And some readers of gadfly literary critic Stanley Edgar Hyman do more than just yelp. A long-time subscriber, Mrs. M. of Wichita, Kansas, finally gave up and cancelled after reading Hyman's provocative column "In Defense of Pornography."

Why then, one wonders, does this ungrateful little magazine continue to have any writers, readers, or financial supporters. The first part of this question is the easiest to answer.

Men like (and as unalike as) Daniel Bell, Eric Bentley, Juan Bosch, Milovan Djilas, Ralph Ellison, Louis Fischer, Michael Harrington, Sidney Hook, Hubert H. Humphrey, George F. Kennan, Martin Luther King Jr., Marvin Kitman, Robert Lekachman, George Lichtheim, S. L. A. Marshall, Karl E. Meyer, Hans J. Morgenthau, Howard Nemerov, Reinhold Niebuhr, A. H. Raskin, John P. Roche, Bertrand Russell, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Jacques Sous-telle, and Ronald Steel continue to contribute articles without pay to The New Leader for just three reasons: It will let them say what they want to say, the way they want to say it, to the people they want to say it to.

Which brings us to the part about the people who read The New Leader.

There aren't very many of them. The New Leader's total circulation is equal to only 0.022% of the adult population of the United States.

But it is a pretty special 0.022%.

Senator Paul Douglas reads The New Leader. And Willy Brandt reads The New Leader. And T. S. Eliot, John Dos Passos, Chet Huntley, Marvin Kalb, Dwight Macdonald, Richard C. Hottelet, Norman Cousins, William F. Buckley Jr., Leo Cherne and Max Lerner read The New Leader.

And the editors of The New York Times, Time Magazine, Fortune, Life, The Washington Post, The New York Post, and the St. Louis Post Dispatch (all of which have sometimes quoted from, praised, criticized, or publicly argued with The New Leader) read The New Leader. And the members of the Overseas Press Club (which has awarded its Citation for the "best magazine reporting of foreign affairs" to The New Leader) read The New Leader. And that's almost 0.022% of the adult population of the United States right there.

Presumably all these people continue to read The New Leader—even though it frequently infuriates them—because it airs facts, ideas, insights, and viewpoints long before they get aired anywhere else. As Murray Kempton put it, "The New Leader has always been about two years ahead of The New York Times in telling you what is going on in the world."

We think there are probably about 5,000 more people who would find this an adequate reason to subscribe. 5,000 more people who would enjoy and be stimulated by this toothy, audacious, ungrateful little magazine which they will find prophetic, candid, irritating, revealing, and—sometimes—even wrong.

Our coupon gives you a chance to find out whether or not you are one of them. It will bring you a year's subscription, 26 issues, for $4.50. (Less than half the newsstand price.) If, after four issues, you feel you've been bitten too much and you'd like to tear up your subscription and send us the pieces, go ahead. We'll refund the balance. Or write us a furious letter, if you feel that that would be revenge enough. We'll probably publish it.

The New Leader *does* give its readers plenty of chances to bite back.

The New Leader

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850 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y.

proposed treaty almost two months before it was negotiated in Moscow. Then there is the charge that Keating voted against the Kefauver drug bill. It has been made repeatedly by New York's Mayor Robert Wagner in televised addresses to the state's voters. The plain fact is that Keating voted both to release the bill from the Judiciary Committee on which he serves and for its final passage on the Senate floor.

THE DRUG BILL is as good a subject as any to illustrate the less imaginative though equally misleading techniques involved in the sudden deliberalization of Senator Keating. These appear to depend primarily upon mighty peculiar simplifications and omissions by means of which a cropped picture of the Keating record is held up to view. He voted, it is darkly charged, against a Kefauver amendment to the drug bill affecting the patent system. Darkly or lightly, however, it is not mentioned that the patent amendment was missing from the late President Kennedy's recommendations to strengthen the drug bill or that Keating was voting in accord with and for a motion introduced by Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield.

On August 18, 1960, it is further charged, Keating voted "to deny the coverage of the minimum wage to 3 million workers in the retail and service industries." How this figure was arrived at is unclear. It is clear, however, that no mention is made of the fact that he voted that day for the compromise amendment that was the price of the minimum-wage bill's passage, a truth understood by the *eighty-seven* senators who voted Keating's way—including Lyndon B. Johnson and Hubert H. Humphrey. Worse yet, we learn, Keating voted against a school-lunch program in 1959. We do not learn that the program was part of a complicated package, and that when it came up for separate consideration three days later, Keating voted for it.

The considerable talents of the persons who have been putting out this sort of baloney in behalf of the former Attorney General have also been put to positive purpose. They have been used, for example, to make Robert F. Kennedy look like the greatest civil libertarian since Justice Hugo L. Black. But we have a judgment from the American Civil Liberties Union on his first two years as Attorney General: "Capitol Hill observers cannot recall any previous effort of such intensity by any administration for wiretap legislation." We also have it from the record that while the Attorney General was pushing for unsupervised wiretapping, Keating was pushing for bills with judicial safeguards. None of this seems unduly troubling to the Kennedy camp's litterateurs. Our favorite example is a recent brochure that does in fact make mention of Kennedy's bill to legalize wiretapping. It is called: "Robert Kennedy's Bill to Prohibit Wiretapping."

THE NONMYTHICAL LIBERALS in the Kennedy camp naturally consider themselves above criticism for the vaguely McCarthyesque quality of all this record clipping and cropping, invariably accompanied by an authoritative-looking bill number—e.g., H.R. 6143. Robert Kennedy had recently been at pains to point out that he left the McCarthy Committee because he did not approve of its procedures and because he was disappointed that McCarthy himself had not upheld commitments he had given concerning those procedures. He has added that he worked on matters not directly connected with the witch-hunt campaigns. The record again contradicts a good bit of this, and 1953, the year when he joined the committee, was pretty late in the McCarthy game to be accepting the Wisconsin senator's assurances. Still, until his campaign against

NIKITA'S LULLABY

Halfway down the steppes
Is a steppe
Where I sit.
There isn't any other stepp
Bleak as it.
It's near to the bottom,
So far from the top:
Could this be the steppe
Where I come full
Stoppe?

—WALLACE CARROLL

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Keating took on its present unsavory quality, we were prepared to assume that Kennedy had come to understand what was amiss in this sort of thing, one of many who just took a long time to do so.

The same cannot be said of Senator Keating. We were reminded of his stand on McCarthy the other day when we read the statement of the Committee for an Effective Congress endorsing him over Robert Kennedy in this year's election: "On October 16, 1963," the committee "cited sixteen Senators and seven Representatives for initiative taken against McCarthyism. This was just after the close of the first session of the 83rd Congress—the Congress during which the late Joe McCarthy of Wisconsin had created a climate of fear and suspicion in which shamefully few voices were bold enough to oppose him. One of the seven Representatives receiving this citation was the then Congressman Kenneth B. Keating of Rochester." The Committee for an Effective Congress knows an awful lot about voting records. And it has a notoriously good memory. We recommend its statement to those New Yorkers who are currently in the process of deciding what a bona fide liberal is.

That Sinful Movie

It sounded promising, the Republican film on "moral decay." Entitled *Choice*, it was guaranteed by one of its planners, Russell Walton, public-relations director of Citizens for Goldwater-Miller, to rouse "raw, naked emotions." Two hundred prints had been distributed by a division of the Citizens called Mothers for Moral America, and NBC was going to show it on about 150 stations during prime soap-opera time. To be sure, the shots of the marquees of girlie shows and the montages of pornographic magazine covers didn't sound like much, but there was also said to be a real live girl in a topless bathing suit, the finale of a strip-tease dance, the wild abandon of the Twist, and Negroes rioting in the streets. Walton stated candidly that the film was aimed at rural Americans' distrust of big-city life. "We are catering to the Midwest," he said. "This film will obviously and frankly just play on their prejudices." But Walton had wrought better than he knew, for a lot of city folk too were eager to see the signs of sin around them.

The trouble was that some spoil-sport city folk found parts of the film in questionable taste. NBC, for instance, found it necessary to delete sixty of the most risqué seconds. Even some Republicans decided that the film might not be such a good idea. Barry Goldwater asked that it be withdrawn.

"Everyone was sorry that we had to let it go," said the young man behind the Republican table in the lobby of the Pepsi-Cola Building on Park Avenue. Not quite the place, perhaps, to find out what the grass roots thought of the film, but an unexpurgated version had been shown there. The Pepsi-Cola people had turned their lobby over to the League of Women Voters, who had invited both the Republicans and the Democrats to show their wares. Had the film attracted much attention? we asked the Republican in charge. "Oh, yes, indeed," he replied. "Of course, the crowds increased after the newspapers called it smut. People are concerned, you know, about how their children go out into the street and pick up the smut that is all around." What was the audience reaction? we asked. "Why, they'd come out of the showing and head right toward our table," he said. "They'd pick up our literature. They don't do that now."

At five in the afternoon a few days after the film was withdrawn, there weren't many people in the Pepsi-Cola lobby, only a few children trying to get free souvenirs from both the Republican and Democratic tables. "Please don't take that pamphlet," the Republican said to one little boy. "That was expensive to print." "No, you can't have a bumper sticker," the lady behind the Democratic table said to another. "You don't even have a car." Soon the children would grow bored and leave, going out into the street where no high jinks were to be seen, just the dull press of traffic along Park Avenue and tired people going toward the subway and home. City people are no fun.

• Politics
Literature
History •

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The Leaders and Their Mandates

As this Presidential campaign draws to a close, the certainty about its outcome does not relieve a mounting sense of national shame. This feeling, we assume, is shared by a large number of Americans and at the same time is intensely personal: it is not a proper subject of conversation, even among people who are very close to each other. We read in the papers and hear over the air that our President is being accused of treason; sometimes we meet people who accuse the President of every conceivable abomination or crime. There is no answer to views that are baseless to the point of folly, and there is no way of establishing communication with men who hold such views. This probably hurts the most.

And then, of course, there is the fact that the eyes of the world are focused on our country. America has always been considered an odd nation by the outside world, and it is possible that foreigners may be less shocked by this absurd campaign than we are. Or they may be inclined to assume that there is some truth behind the wild indictments of the opposition spokesmen. The notion of irrational wildness in the American national character has never been entirely dismissed, even by those foreigners who interpret our behavior in terms of cold capitalistic greed. Concern with the national prestige used to be the Goldwaterite justification for attacks on the administration, but their sustained, ever-increased fury can only bear out the prejudices still held in a large part of the world about the incurable immaturity of our nation and the utter unpredictability of its conduct.

It has been a good thing that toward the end of our electoral trial big changes occurred in Britain and the Soviet Union. In our days, the major events affecting the international balance of power take place in the domestic politics of the major nations. The shifts and somersaults produced by the fight for leadership among parties or factions test a nation's strength and are reflected in its foreign policy. In the two recent instances, our major ally, Britain, has emerged from its own electoral tribulations with a new government that is likely to accentuate rather than relieve its decline from greatness. In the Soviet Union, a new era has begun: Khrushchev gets the same treatment he gave Stalin. Our country can thus size up both our closest friend and our most incorrigible antagonist.

In Britain the conflict between the two major parties was one between the advocates of a Little England and a Littler England. The latter have won, but their hold on power is so precarious that there is reason to hope that they won't do much harm. As to the Soviet Union, it is difficult to see why there should be so much lamentation in our midst about the passing of Nikita Khrushchev from the realm of power to that of history. As President Kennedy once put it, "Mr. Khrushchev does not wish us well." Now his former associates have indicted him, although delicately and without mentioning his name, as guilty of subjectivism, hare-brained scheming, and the rest of it.

What should concern us more directly is that once more the precariousness, the unpredictability, of the Soviet system of government has shown itself glaringly to the world. If the Communist chiefs in the satellite countries or in those which still manage to have a democracy in spite of the constant Communist threat deplore the way the old man has been handled, want to know why, and ask for reassurances as to his health—that's their business. The weakening of Communism in the countries it dominates, its factional disputes, its failures as a system of political and economic organization—all this comes from a single cause: the liquidation of the Soviet empire that Nikita Khrushchev was unable to prevent.

There could be no greater mistake than to consider all Communist countries with the same wholesale enmity, as the Presidential candidate of the opposition advocates. Rather, we should concern ourselves with the peoples under Communism, whose restlessness is growing and with whom we have to stay in the closest possible contact while avoiding any unnecessary endorsement of their tottering leaders. President Johnson proves once more his wisdom when he advocates a different policy for each Communist-dominated country.

Yes, there will be an enormous amount of work to do and policies to be revised once this election nightmare is over. True, the aftermath is going to be neither brief nor easy. But a nation like ours cannot long indulge in aberrations like the one that has lately kept it convulsed. Perhaps once the cause is removed, this aberration, this sense of shame, can give us a better understanding of why people go astray, in our nation and abroad.

One thing is certain: in our country the crisis has its scheduled climax on Election Day. In the Soviet Union, the crisis has just started, and only God knows how long it will last and how cruel it will be before the people subjected to Soviet rule find their own identity as the people of Russia.

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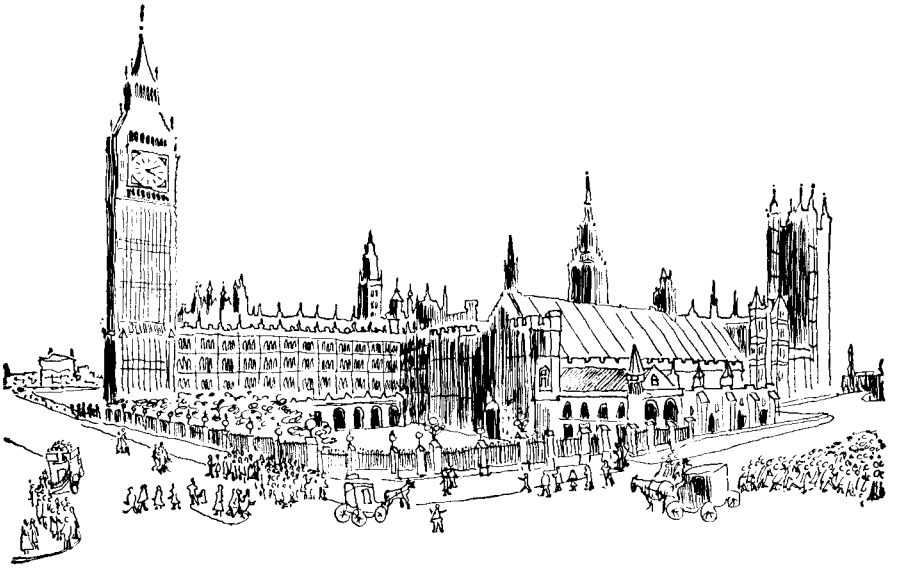

Harold Wilson's Hour

CLAIRE STERLING

LONDON

IF THE LEADERS of the British Labour Party doubt it could have survived a fourth successive electoral defeat on October 15, they are none too sure of surviving victory either. Confident as he may seem, Prime Minister Harold Wilson cannot hope to govern the country for long, still less govern effectively, with only two more than half the 630 seats in the House of Commons. Labour's last Prime Minister, Clement Attlee, could not hold out much more than a year after winning a majority of six in 1950. It is hard to see how Wilson could do better; and if the Tories have left as bad an economic mess behind as he claims, he is unlikely to do as well. Unless the nine Liberals in Parliament support him on emergency economic measures, he may have trouble lasting out the winter. But with or without Liberal forbearance, any two of a dozen by-elections this year could force him to face a new general election and, almost inevitably, a return to the opposition benches that Labour has occupied for the last thirteen years.

It is not easy to understand how this could have happened—how, with a reported eighteen per cent lead over the Tories barely six months ago, the Labour Party could have come so close to snatching defeat from the jaws of victory. No one watching the campaign would have said that Labour was doing so badly. On the contrary, most reporters considered Wilson's performance brilliant. Never in its sixty-year history had the Labour Party projected such a respectable and reassuring image. The cloth-capped, clay-piped, horny-fisted, class-conscious proletarian of olden days was nowhere in evidence. In his place was the new Labour statesman: moderate, judicious, not too young, sleekly combed, brushed, and suited. The classic tenets of socialism—renationalization of steel, for instance—got only cursory mention in the official program and practically none at all on the speakers' platform. (The fact that the Tories' Sir Alec Douglas-Home insisted on referring to Labour candidates as Socialists was regarded in many quarters as rather seedy.) Even Wilson's initial clarion call for a thoroughgoing modernization of Great Britain faded to a whisper as he sensed that quite a lot of his countrymen didn't want to be modernized. Toward the end of the campaign, indeed, Wilson's appeal to the voters was almost entirely confined to the only issues he could safely assume they cared about: homes, schools, pensions. If a few unregenerate Tories could still detect a whiff of the tumbrils in their vicinity—the phrase comes from one of them who did—it was no fault of Harold Wilson's.

NEVERTHELESS, the going proved harder than the Labour strategists had anticipated. For one thing, the Conservatives had one of the smoothest political machines operating anywhere. For another, they had the incomparable advantage of leading the Establishment during the thirteen years when Great Britain shed the privations of postwar austerity for the comforts of an affluent society. Furthermore, however tarnished their party's image after thirteen years, they likewise have come up with a new kind of statesman. For those who like their Tories pure, there is always Sir Alec, an impeccably self-assured erstwhile earl with what Wilson acidly calls a matchless ability "to evoke a well-bred titter from admiring Tory ladies." But for those who have tired of that Tory species—the homosaurus, Wilson has named it—the party also offers Conservative leaders now who could hold their own with any Labour reformer: the enlightened, tough-minded innovators typified by Edward Heath, Sir Edward Boyle, and Reginald Maudling. More than anything else, the rise of these clever and enterprising men in Tory ranks accounts for the photo finish in this

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election. It does not help Wilson's peace of mind to realize that a Maudling in Douglas-Home's place would probably have been unbeatable—and that the Conservative Party will no doubt keep this well in mind in preparing for a comeback.

The combative Wilson might enjoy this challenge, provided he were free to vie with the new Tories as one technocrat against another. But he has moved into Whitehall with a welter of ideological baggage, thrust upon him by a discordant and unruly party. He has done wonders in pulling Labour together since taking over from the late Hugh Gaitskell a year and a half ago—an achievement all the more remarkable for his being personally so far from lovable. That was when the party still had an election to win, however. What will happen now that it is in power is another question.

It has been a long time since the Labour Party was racked by the kind of doctrinaire quarrels that used to make Clement Attlee's life so miserable. Except for the Trotskyites in the socialist youth movement, few Labourites nowadays are aflame with a desire to carry Britain further along the road to socialism than Attlee was prepared to go in the 1940's. The demands for a wholly free National Health Service (the Tories levied two-shilling fees) and renationalization of the steel industry (which the Tories denationalized) would merely mean a return to the point where Attlee left off. Though still important objectives for Labour, they are largely symbolic. The quarrels now racking the party to its depths, however, could make Wilson's life no less miserable than Attlee's, for they involve the two great issues that would enable his government to leave a lasting imprint on British history.

Labour's Labor Troubles

If a diffident electorate has finally preferred Labour over the Tories, it is largely because of a feeling that Britain must somehow pull itself together at home and abroad. The word "conviction" would be too strong in this case, particularly in regard to the country's role abroad. On the whole, as the *Times* observed, "The voters have shown no massive dissatisfaction with the international standing of Britain in 1964—a prosperous island still detached from continental Europe, preserved from the necessity of too much thought by the nuclear diplomacy of the United States, scattering her armed forces by handfuls to fight in the last remaining and least rewarding fragments of a once incomparable empire." Nevertheless, a great many voters have been dissatisfied with Britain's economic progress, or lack of it, in the last thirteen years.

While this may still be a prosperous island—the average family here has an income of $3,000 a year—its economy has been expanding by only 2.8 per cent annually, where other industrial nations across the Channel have been growing at twice that rate and more. To remain prosperous under these circumstances, the British have fallen into economic sin time and again, by buying more than they can sell and borrowing to foot the bill. The result has been a decade of fitful crises from each of which the country could only emerge through a credit squeeze, a wage freeze, and a vast amount of highly sophisticated monetary manipulation. The truth is that while Britain is currently prosperous, its prosperity can never be secure until British management becomes more efficient and competitive.

The immensity of the problem might not daunt Wilson, if he could count on having a free hand for ten or fifteen years. But he is clearly not going to have that much time—or, considering his party's conflicting and narrow interests, that much freedom. Whatever the glaring weaknesses of many British industrialists, he can hardly prod them into greater efficiency while his own trade unions, still organized along antiquated craft lines, remain so fiercely resistant to change: the Conservatives' Beeching Plan to modernize the railroads, for instance, has been fought tooth and nail by the Railway Workers in the Trades Union Congress. With a violently protectionist TUC breathing down his neck, furthermore, he can scarcely venture to fan industry's competitive spirit by encouraging a greater flow of cheaper goods from abroad: for years now—to cite just one case—the TUC's Textile Workers have been demanding that Britain raise the restrictive quotas on cotton imports from Asian countries, even those in the Commonwealth. As for the possibility of fanning that competitive spirit by joining the Common Market, the proposition is hardly worth mentioning: if President de Gaulle had not vetoed Britain's entrance, the British Labour Party might well have done so.

BEYOND all these questions is a still more urgent one—the incomes policy that Labour and the Conservatives both consider imperative if Britain is ever to expand its economy by a steady four per cent a year. The policy is based on a concept of national planning that would permit incomes to rise only in relation to productivity. Since planning comes more naturally to Labour than to the Tories, Wilson has argued not unreasonably that he can do it better; and since the Tories tend to think only of wages as income, whereas Labour is also thinking of profits and dividends, Labour's policy ought to be easier for the TUC to swallow. But while Wilson has extracted a grudging endorsement for this policy from the trade unions—after a truly heroic effort—they already seem restive.

Whatever his good intentions, the incoming Prime Minister has taken office at just the moment when the familiar economic cycle is approaching its worst phase. With imports rising steeply and exports slumping, he must either find a way of digging British industry out of its suffocating flannel and flab or face the repugnant prospect—as Clement Attlee did before him, with disastrous political consequences—of devaluing the pound. To impose stringent controls on profits and dividends at this time would be to deny industry the very incentives he has to offer them; and even if he takes that risk, it will be at least a year before productivity could possibly rise enough to permit another round of wage increases on top of this year's five per cent. In effect, therefore, he will be obliged to ask the unions for much the same kind of pay pause that they had rejected so contemptuously at the hands of the Tories' Selwyn Lloyd. To sweeten the pill, he has taken the Transport Workers' Frank Cousins into his cabinet. Even so, the wildcat strikes spreading

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through the docks and elsewhere suggest that he may get no more courteous a response from the unions than Lloyd did.

If making Frank Cousins minister of technology seems canny politics, it might also be taken for an act of desperation. Cousins is not only one of the most recalcitrant nineteenth-century trade unionists in England; he was also the leader of the unilateral disarmament group whose preference for being Red rather than dead very nearly wrecked the Labour Party not long ago. While he may be helpful in the cabinet on domestic matters, he could be a paralyzing hindrance when the Prime Minister faces up to the second great issue before him, as he must fairly soon.

On the Fence on Defense

It is not safe to assume, of course, that Wilson will necessarily disagree with Cousins on all the most controversial aspects of Britain's defense policy. He has made it clear (though only rather recently) that he dislikes the unilateralists' anti-NATO, anti-American, blindly pacifist bias. But during those dark days in 1960 when Cousins and his unilateralist friends took over the Labour Party and Hugh Gaitskell vowed bravely from the rostrum that he would "fight, fight, and fight again" to restore the party's sanity, Wilson took no position at all. A great many Labour leaders can never forgive him for it.

Since then, the Labour Party has swung back a good way from the extreme unilateral position, and Wilson himself has taken his stand. In its official program, Labour is committed firmly to the support and strengthening of NATO and a policy of close collaboration with the United States. On the other hand, it is also committed to reject the American proposal for a mixed-manned multilateral nuclear force; to renegotiate (or denegotiate) the Nassau agreement of 1962 whereby the United States is to provide Britain with the missiles and delivery mechanisms for five Polaris submarines; and to cancel or withdraw from any other projects contributing to the maintenance of what Wilson calls the "so-called independent, so-called British, so-called nuclear deterrent."

This presumably means that, on the initiative of the incoming Prime Minister, Britain will soon be withdrawing from the nuclear race. It is possible that the electorate did not fully grasp the implications of this step—which, however one looks at it, would assuredly leave a lasting imprint on British history. Wilson didn't talk about it much during the campaign (although Douglas-Home did); and it was not until twenty-four hours after the election that the implications were underlined by announcements that the conciliatory Khrushchev had been defenestrated, and that China had just exploded its first atomic device. Had the announcements come a little sooner, several million Englishmen might well have switched their vote from Labour to Conservative. For a man in Wilson's precarious position, that is a factor to consider.

He will have other factors to consider as well. Labour's defense policy was formulated before the election, when the party was worrying more about its noisy leftists than its potential governmental responsibilities—and when Wilson himself was not yet Prime Minister. Whether or not he believed personally in everything his party was saying, he might see things differently now.

ON THE FACE of it, Labour's defense policy seems rather puzzling. Britain's "so-called independent" deterrent—which incidentally came into being on the decision of the Attlee Labour government—consists of the following items, either operational or in preparation: a V-bomber force (assigned to NATO but withdrawable in a grave national emergency) of 180 British-made planes carrying British-made hydrogen bombs with a striking power of twenty-nine million World War II Lancaster bombers; the Blue Steel missile, a British-made flying bomb that can be launched from an aircraft and fly on at twice the speed of sound; the British-made TSR-2, the fastest and most expensive tactical strike and reconnaissance bomber ever made, which can also play a nuclear role; and five British-made atomic submarines carrying eighty American Polaris missiles with a British atomic warhead and a strike capacity 2,500 times greater than that used on Hiroshima.

Actually, this deterrent is less impressive than it looks. The V-bomber force, though equipped for low-level flying under enemy radar screens, is obsolescent: military strategists believe that any manned bomber force would be useless ten years from now, if not sooner. In the fairly near future, therefore, an independent British defense system would have to rely primarily on the Polaris submarines, which will be operational in three or four years; but their striking power, though terrifying, would still be infinitesimal compared to that of the Soviet Union.

The leaders of Labour argue, therefore, that Britain simply cannot be defended by a national nuclear force which, according to Wilson, "would give us no more than a minimum amount of posthumous revenge." The Tories' insistence on keeping one, he says, is motivated merely by vanity and a desire to sit at the top table—a kind of "grouse-moor Gaullism, reeking of nuclear snobbery." Labour, on the other hand, believes that Britain's only feasible defense must rest on a highly centralized western system of nuclear command in NATO, with only an American finger on the trigger. It thus proposes to halt whatever British nuclear projects are now under development and to turn anything operational over to NATO unconditionally, diverting the money saved on this nuclear deterrent—about ten per cent of Britain's defense budget—to building up the conventional armed forces.

What Labour is aiming at with this policy is to encourage easing of tension and a worldwide disarmament agreement by discouraging the proliferation of nuclear armament, with Great Britain setting a spectacular example. But if few Britons would quarrel with this objective, many have questioned the logic behind it. For one thing, there is evidently not the remotest chance that either President de Gaulle or Chou En-lai would follow the British example. For another, there is every chance that Labour itself would find the policy self-defeating. Whatever his scorn for a seat at the top table, Prime Minister Wilson would be far better able to further the cause of *détente* and disarmament by sitting there, with his own nuclear

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force as a bargaining point, than he would by staying home; and his absence, among other things, would certainly mean that Britain's interests and desires would rank much lower at the table than those of de Gaulle—who, with a nuclear force that is insignificant compared to Britain's, has given an impressive example of how useful a bargaining point such a force can be.

Beyond these arguments, however, is a good old-fashioned one which, as formulated by the *Economist*, seems unanswerable: "Any country will try to lay its hands on weapons it needs to protect its interests until the moment arrives when it feels it can safely entrust this task to some larger community of which it is a part. So long as there is any serious danger that the NATO alliance is not really moving in the direction of becoming such an all-embracing community, it is a perfectly reasonable insurance policy for a British government to spend rather less than one per cent of the national income in trying to equip itself with the Polaris submarines that might just possibly deter . . . a Russian threat to bombard an isolated and otherwise unprotected Britain."

It is too soon to say whether Prime Minister Wilson will eventually come to see the strength of this argument, particularly in view of Khrushchev's departure from the Kremlin. But he will have to make the decision fairly quickly, along with another of equal gravity. Under heavy pressure from West Germany, the United States has made it plain that a British decision on the multilateral NATO force must be forthcoming within the next two or three months. Presumably one should expect a negative reply; for where the Conservative government was merely doubtful of the MLF's merits, the Labour Party is dead set against it. Yet in this case, Labour's position seems not only puzzling but incoherent. Its greatest single objection to the multilateral force is the possibility that the Germans might thereby get a finger on the nuclear trigger. Not only is that precisely what the plan was designed to avoid, but Labour itself is advocating a policy that is more apt to bring about just this eventuality; a major point in Labour's defense platform is the demand that all of NATO's member countries, including West Germany, be given a much stronger voice in nuclear targeting and planning. If Wilson is right in saying that his plan would put a German finger on the "safety catch" rather than on the trigger, that is no less true of the multilateral force he opposes.

THIS TIME, the weight of the counterarguments might be too much for Wilson. While the Pentagon would not be displeased to see Great Britain withdraw from the nuclear race, it would be deeply angered if Britain should turn down the MLF, which has become cardinal to American policy. Washington has already threatened to make a bilateral arrangement with West Germany along MLF lines in the event of a British veto. Whether or not Wilson takes the threat seriously, he must at least reckon with the sentiment behind it. Unlike the unilateralists in his party, he sets great store by Britain's special relationship with the United States—a good deal more, perhaps, than some of those he refers to as grouse-moor Gaullists. Foreign Secretary Patrick Gordon Walker would scarcely be furthering one of the central points in Labour's policy if, on his imminent visit to Washington, he should come prepared simply to say "No."

It is also possible that Wilson's intention is not to pronounce a "Yes" or "No" but to bargain and above all to bid for time. He has promised the British electorate a hundred days of invigorating action, but his capacity to stir the nation to a new dynamic course is considerably limited by his precarious hold on power. He has put forward a number of programs and made many promises on his way to power. But now, in trying to anticipate his course, it is perhaps better to remember not so much his pronouncements, which throughout his career have varied, but his opportunism, which has been constant.

Signs of Things to Come

H. G. NICHOLAS

BEYOND the obvious fact that Labour has succeeded in establishing its first government since 1951, the most significant aspect of the British election figures is the performance of the Liberal Party. Consider the following figures describing its record in the last four elections:

	Popular Vote	*M.P.s Elected*
1951	730,551	6
1955	722,402	6
1959	1,640,761	6
1964	3,093,316	9

Essentially, these tell the same story of a Liberal revival. This is most evident in the popular vote, least evident in the membership of the House of Commons. (The explanation of this paradox requires no elaboration; it is the consistent penalization of a third party under both the British and American electoral systems.) Had the Liberals contested more seats this October (they ran only 366 out of a possible 630 candidates), their popular following would have been even more evident; it would have been of the order of at least 4.5 million, i.e., fifteen per cent of the total vote, or the equivalent of forty per cent of the Labour vote. In addition to the seats they won, in fifty-five other constituencies they moved up to second place, thus preparing themselves for a further advance next time.

Put this side by side with Labour's performance over the same period:

	Popular Vote	*M.P.s Elected*
1951	13,948,385	296
1955	12,405,251	277
1959	12,216,166	258
1964	12,205,576	317

Here the figures are equally eloquent. Despite an increase in the electorate at the average rate of a million a decade, Labour's popular vote has steadily declined from its

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high point in 1951. True, the decline in seats has been arrested and popular dissatisfaction with the thirteenth year of Tory rule has enabled Labour to edge into first place in the House of Commons. But it is a hairsbreadth victory, the tightest in British electoral history, the sparest endorsement that any majority party has ever had. The new face assumed by Wilson's so-called "classless" leadership has not arrested the steady attrition of support for the workers' party, an attrition that closely parallels the decline in the numbers of manual workers and the steady rise of the salariat.

In other words, Wilson's "new look" has not erased the old image of Labour as a party lettered to a hidebound trade unionism and an old-fashioned socialism of "fair shares" and public ownership, rather than an expanding economy and greater diffusion of property.

THIS IS CONFIRMED by another significant feature of the results. What were the areas in which Labour picked up its gains? They were mainly metropolitan areas like Liverpool, Glasgow, and the poorer London boroughs, where the old type of Labour voter reared amid poverty, unemployment, and slums still lingers on, in his psychology if not in his immediate economic conditions. In the "New Britain" of high wages and full employment associated with the newer industries, few significant Labour gains were recorded. Indeed in the industrial Midlands, the most pronounced area of the new affluence, there was a sizable swing to the Conservatives.

A fourth consecutive Tory victory might have served to accelerate the wheels of history, complete Labour's electoral bankruptcy, and force a swift realignment of the Labour and Liberal Parties in a new undoctrinaire radical grouping. But the electorate, by a mere 1.2 per cent of the popular vote, declined to purchase a second term for Sir Alec Douglas-Home at such a price. Instead, it indicated unmistakably that it means to keep Harold Wilson's Labour government on the shortest possible leash.

In such a situation, there is always a temptation for a certain type of Tory to remember that the British constitution still provides the House of Lords with a suspensive veto over legislation. The Tory-dominated second chamber could play havoc with a Labour government that hangs by a thread. But in reality this is one of those ultimate weapons that would wipe out its launchers along with its target. To unseat a Labour government by obstruction in the Lords would be to present Wilson with the ideal issue on which to fight his next election—"the peers versus the people." Surely Sir Alec did not resign his own earldom for that.

In fact, for reasons of practical politics, nobody is going to want to unseat Wilson just yet. The Liberals, a poor party, must have time to replenish their modest war chest. The Tories have to devise some way of revamping their leadership without too blatant a violation of the Queensberry rules. For the next twelve months it is probably accidents rather than plots that Wilson has most to fear. Even eugenics must be considered, since it appears that Tory MPs enjoy longer life and better health than their Labour opposite numbers. Influenza on the night of a crucial vote or mortalities among MPs in marginal constituencies could have immediate and grave consequences for the day-to-day course of politics.

BUT WHATEVER may happen in the short run to ease or aggravate the Labour government's plight, one thing is sure. Unless Wilson can broaden his popular support by devising a new radicalism that accords with long-term trends in the make-up and attitudes of the British electorate, Labour's possession of office will not save the party from slipping still lower in public esteem. That is one issue which has been decided beyond question in the British general election of 1964.

Who Was Bill Miller?

BARBARA CARTER

"THE REPUBLICANS," William E. Miller keeps saying, "are on the threshold of victory." Johnson may have the press, the newspapers, the columnists, and the magazines, but Goldwater has the people. Yet to one who has spent a little time on the campaign tour with him, Miller does not appear to be a man who expects to win; he does not even seem particularly dismayed by the thought of losing, though he will certainly keep on swinging with everything he's got right to the end.

Miller is a professional at this game. The bad breaks he meets along the way—it was announced, for instance, that the Goldwater strategists had written off Pennsylvania just after he spent a day campaigning there—he takes in his stride. He seems able to ignore the note of desperation that crops up occasionally among the amateurs back in the ranks. At an executives' lunch in Chicago, for example, he was asked if the Walter Jenkins scandal was "the news break we've been waiting for" or if Miller had "any further proof connecting Johnson with Bobby Baker," without seeming to notice that such questions suggested that the ammunition provided by the Republicans so far had not been quite enough. Though he calls the press "unfair," he is friendly enough with its representatives, playing bridge with them at the end of the day in the front cabin of his Electra. Everyone is just doing his job, and the reporters, jouncing along in a bus at the end of a motorcade, discuss, with a relish for minor historical facts, what became of other Vice-Presidential candidates who ran and lost.

Miller, as everyone knows, was not planning to run for office again until the Vice-Presidential opportunity came along. He barely won his last election to Congress from a district in upstate New York. Indeed, if it were not for the votes he got in a place called Tonawanda, Miller might not have been in a position to accept the Vice-Presi-

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dential nomination at all. "Who is Bill Miller?" the Democrats asked happily after the Republican convention, confident that Miller was no more widely known throughout the country than Tonawanda. It was a fair question, and the answer usually given was, "the Republican Party's hatchet man," because, aside from Miller's three years as head of the Republican National Committee, there was little else to associate him with. Even in that job, he had scarcely managed to emerge from the mediocrity that has typified his career.

Friend of Labor

Of course, the home folks in Niagara County knew him. Back in 1948, Governor Dewey had appointed Miller district attorney for the county. It was only a part-time job that paid $5,000 a year, but it wasn't long before Miller made the headlines by promising a probe of city officials. Though the main indictments he sought against the Democratic mayor of Niagara Falls and two of his councilmen were dismissed for lack of evidence, Miller did net two small fish, two Republican members of the zoning advisory board, whom he succeeded in sending to prison for attempting to take bribes. This small-potatoes affair is colored to a certain extent by the admission of one of the defendants that Miller privately offered to let him go scot-free if he would help Miller indict the Democratic mayor. The man refused, and several years after he was released from prison, he said, a judge reversed his sentence—it would have meant restoring his license to practice law—but Miller, now a congressman, "personally intervened," and the reversal was in turn reversed.

Miller's big chance to make a name for himself came during an eighteen-week strike at Bell Aircraft in 1949. "During the first weeks Miller was co-operative," according to William Hilger, a UAW official who had long been a friend of Miller's, "but then he reversed his field and started a real vendetta against our officers." The strike was an ugly affair, with violence on both sides. Miller began by charging that the union "unquestionably" had fallen under "Communist-dominated influences." Then he had more than a hundred union men and sympathizers arrested, and some rearrested, on criminal charges of conspiracy, assault, and inciting to riot. In some cases he would oppose bail, only to be overruled. In others he would request sums as high as $25,000 bail, not to have it granted. On occasion, when he did get bail set at $15,000, it was later reduced by a Buffalo judge. The union charged that "It was the grossest violation of civil rights this community has ever witnessed," and later spoke of a "reign of terror" when Niagara police searched through Buffalo hotels for union leaders.

When Governor Dewey invited a group, including Miller and some of

the union leaders, to a special meeting in Albany in hopes of finding some common ground for negotiation, the union spokesman refused to go unless Miller withdrew the "trumped-up" charges he had brought against the union leaders. Miller's reaction was simple and direct: "I don't give a damn if he never goes to see the governor. I'm surprised he's not in jail himself. I'm almost certain there is a warrant out for him." And sure enough, it was reported the next day, there was.

Miller added further to his local renown by posing for photographers with Bell executives (though never with union leaders) and riding into the struck plant near Niagara Falls, in a Bell helicopter leased to the police. He went in to encourage nonstrikers to continue crossing the picket line and to promise that those arrested would be kept in jail as long as possible before bail was set. He also promised that when bail was set, it would be high enough to break the union's treasury; as it turned out, the union paid nearly half a million dollars before the strike was through.

Of the hundred and more criminal indictments growing out of the strike, nearly four-fifths were dismissed, most of them by a grand jury in December, 1951, after Miller had gone on to Congress. Six of the twenty-five defendants Miller did bring to trial were found guilty, but only one of the verdicts was sustained.

At one point Miller apparently tried an even more direct form of intervention in union affairs. "He told me," William Hilger has said, "that he had a chance to put several of the union leaders in jail for a good long time, and that this would give me a nice opportunity to get a higher office in the union." Hilger not only refused to co-operate with the district attorney; they nearly came to blows.

AFTER MAKING something of a name for himself in the Bell strike, Miller found it fairly easy to get the Republican nomination for a House seat in 1950. That meant election, for not until recently have there been any sizable Democratic inroads in the Niagara area. And since 1950, until the last election, he has been returned with sizable margins.

"I often think of him as the little Joe McCarthy of Niagara County," said E. Dent Lackey, Miller's opponent in 1962 who went on to become mayor of Niagara Falls. But people who have known Miller in Washington take a different view. "It would be wrong," a moderate Republican congressman who has no reason to be particularly friendly explained, "to portray Miller as something sinister. He's a likable enough fellow, and he's got a quick mind. The bad part," he said after a lengthy pause, "is that he has no philosophy at all."

Is it fair to say that Miller is a man without convictions? By his own account, he would appear to be

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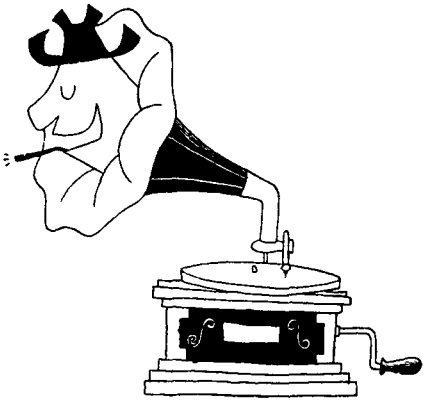
quite steadfast. "As a congressman," he said recently, "I have consistently served the interests of job-producing industries in my district, including the Niagara Mohawk Power Company, the Wurlitzer Company, the Lockport Felt Company, [and] Bell Aircraft. . . ." Without realizing it, perhaps, he had practically summed up his fourteen years in Congress. For Miller has never introduced any major legislation, and his attendance record is considerably below average. In 1962, for instance, one finds Miller addressing Congress on only three occasions, once to commemorate Polish Constitution Day, once to remark on Lithuanian Independence Day, and once to memorialize Ukrainian Independence Day.

Nor is his record on the House Judiciary Committee, on which he has served for thirteen years and is now the second-ranking Republican, any more enlightening. In the last two years, for example, Miller was present at only six of the committee's forty-one meetings. And while it is customary for members to take the lead in introducing legislation arising from their committee—and the Judiciary Committee, it should be noted, is one of the most important in the House—most of the bills introduced by Miller that fell within its jurisdiction have been for the private relief of individuals. Of fifty-one such bills introduced by Miller in the last four years, forty-two were private bills, and while one of the other nine was a civil-rights bill, three were to designate a National Police Week, two were to amend the Constitution to provide equal rights for women (an amendment vigorously opposed by a number of women's groups for the mischief it might create), and one was to celebrate with Canada the Treaty of Ghent. "Not many knew the guy," one Republican committee member confessed. "He made himself scarce."

Champion of Free Enterprise

Most of Miller's Congressional activity apparently took place in the early 1950's, when he often emerged as a staunch advocate of private power. "Have you heard the standard joke in Lockport?" a recent visitor was asked. "When Niagara Power pulls the switch, Miller lights up in Washington." It was in 1950, the year Miller was first elected, that the Senate ratified a treaty with Canada to develop additional water power in the Niagara River. It needed a further act of Congress, however, to decide who would develop the power on the American side, and the fight over whether it would be a public agency or private industry was not to end until 1957. Then, because a Niagara Mohawk plant had collapsed in a landslide at Niagara Falls, a compromise bill was drawn up that gave New York State authority to develop the power and gave Niagara Mohawk first call on twenty-five per cent of it to make up for the loss.

Miller has denied any connection with the power companies. "I do not own a single share of stock in any



power company," he told Congress in 1953 while attacking a public-power bill, and his recent financial statement lists no power stock. Nonetheless, Miller's early speeches to Congress came to at least one friendly newspaper in upstate New York from the Niagara Mohawk company's public-relations office in Buffalo. The mailings were swiftly stopped when the editors pointed out the indelicacy of the practice.

Frank E. Smith, a TVA director and former Mississippi congressman, has charged that Miller offered him a $350-$500-a-month job as a public-relations officer for the Lockport Felt Company while he was on a subcommittee considering the private-power bill that Miller co-sponsored, but Miller has flatly denied the story. He has just as strongly denied that his surprising switch to vote against the civil-rights bill of 1956, which he had not only supported in committee but also co-sponsored, was any part of a deal with two Southern Congressmen to kill a public-power bill in their committee. It is, of course, possible that Miller was seized with sudden reservations about the civil-rights bill at the last minute. But it does seem curious that he said nothing of this to his fellow Republicans who were caught off base by his switch. Or that he said nothing about it to a delegation of union men from Lockport that visited him shortly before the House vote. Miller proudly pulled out a copy of the civil-rights bill to show them that he was a co-sponsor and promised he would give it his unqualified support. He followed their visit with a telegram to the same effect. But the UAW representative, William Hilger, who was in the delegation, had reason not to be surprised by the switch. "Miller told me once," Hilger said, "that his heart was with the union, but that when the chips were down, he would vote with the power interests."

ONCE, very early in his career, Miller did get a private-power bill through the House (the Miller-Capehart bill), but it went no farther. His effectiveness lay mainly in the humdrum business of blocking legislation. Besides Niagara Mohawk, among the companies Miller said he "consistently served" were the Wurlitzer Company (he has successfully attacked bills that would make jukebox operators pay royalties), Bell Aircraft (he enlisted the aid of the New York State steering committee, a bipartisan combination of congressmen who work closely with the state Commerce Department, to help save Bell's government contracts, of which some were kept, some lost), and the Lockport Felt Company, whose president, Raymond Lee, has long been Miller's close friend. He has voted on three occasions against bills he attacked involving import duties considered to be harmful to the Lockport Felt Company's interests. One was before the House for sixteen months before a telephone call from the company notified Miller that it was about to be voted upon. The congressman apparently sees no conflict of interest between these votes and his recent admission that he has been on a $7,500 retainer with the Lockport

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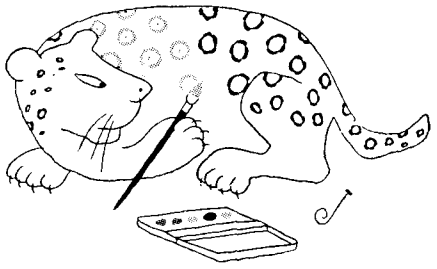
Felt Company since 1947 and is a director of the company. Nor does he see any conflict of interest in the recent appointment to his Congressional staff of an attorney in his Buffalo law firm who represented the Lockport Felt Company in connection with a price-fixing case before the Federal Trade Commission. "It's never been any secret," Miller said of the appointment.

Leader of His Party

"Not a very distinguished record," an influential Republican congressman said recently of Miller's years in the House. "And not an undistinguished one either. I'd say that he was a cut below the rest of the party." What did the congressman think of Miller's qualifications for the Vice-Presidency? Miller had said on a "Meet the Press" TV program this September that his role as Vice-President "would certainly be one greater than just the presiding officer of the Senate. . . . I would certainly, I'm sure, be a member of the Security Council and in the Cabinet. . . . I'm sure that I would probably play an expanding role in foreign policy. . . ." But his Republican colleague did not agree. Miller's forte, he said, was never policy. His talents, he decided, were mainly those of a political organizer.

As a political organizer, then, how did Miller make out as head of the Republican National Committee? "He finally got a car and chauffeur, like the head of the Democratic committee," a former staff man on the Republican committee remembered, "and he was just like a kid about it." What else did he accomplish? "Not much," he replied. "He was a poor administrator."

Miller was frequently criticized for his lack of leadership on the committee, and for being a "part-time" chairman. After the dismal results in 1962 (despite high and reasonable expectations, the Republicans lost four Senate seats and gained only two in the House), there were press stories of an abortive move to oust him for someone with more prestige. But Miller held on, and by the end of 1963 the *Congressional Quarterly* was reporting on the signs of a Goldwater takeover at G.O.P. headquarters. A Goldwater man was head of "Operation Dixie," the Republican drive in the South, and it was getting a heavy share of the committee's scarce funds, while the Negroes in charge of the minorities committee were not permitted to travel as speakers, to attend a National Committee convention, or to put out a regular newsletter. Miller appointed a Goldwater man sergeant-at-arms for the convention, a position that offers a certain amount of patronage, and put another in charge of the convention ticket committee. Both positions are more significant than they sound in that they offer a chance to pack a convention hall. How much this may have been part of a deal with Goldwater, or how much Miller was merely putting himself in line for the Vice-Presidential nomination, is hard to say. Miller's effectiveness in setting up Gold-



water's nomination, however, must be measured against the fact that there was, after all, no cohesive opposition. Some could argue that Miller did nothing more as head of the National Committee than to preside over the demise of the Republican Party.

"He doesn't hold grudges," another colleague said recently. "He doesn't get mad at you if you don't vote his way." He chalked this up to what he called Miller's "cold-blooded professionalism." And indeed, when Miller changes his attitude toward a man, as when he switches his vote, it is apparently not done out of mere spite but rather out of an entirely objective appreciation of where his own interest lies.

There was Joe Martin, for instance. From the first, Representative Miller wanted very much to be on the Judiciary Committee, a plum that Minority Leader Martin gave him only ten months after Miller came to Congress. Miller later joined with Representative Charles Halleck of Indiana to unseat Martin as minority leader.

Then there was Halleck, who, with Presidential candidate Nixon, helped Miller get the job of Congressional campaign manager in 1960. Miller later tried to rule out Halleck's weekly appearances with Dirksen on the "Ev and Charlie" TV show and did cut him out of chairing the Republican convention. Miller later criticized Nixon on a TV program for his handling of the 1960 Presidential campaign ("I don't think he was forthright enough") and declared him out as a candidate for the 1964 campaign even before he lost the California gubernatorial election. There was also Governor Rockefeller, who had cleared Miller for the job of heading the National Committee. Miller later saw to it that the New York delegation got the worst seats in the Cow Palace.

There are even signs of contempt for the man who brought Miller to his present height. "I suppose I'll be spending my time from now until November explaining what Barry really meant to say," he said sourly to someone who was congratulating him on getting the Vice-Presidential nomination. "As for political sophistication," he remarked earlier this year, "Barry is in the same league as Billy." Billy is Miller's five-year-old son.

Contradictory as it may seem, the more the people of his district send him to Congress, the more he seems to be losing respect for them. "He told a friend of mine," a newsman from the area said, "that since he's become used to the attention a national figure gets, being met at the airports by delegations taken to the best places to dine, he doesn't feel much like campaigning in the gin mills around here any more."

How do the home folks in turn feel about the local boy who made good? "I can't think of one constructive thing he has done for his district," Niagara County's Democratic sheriff said. "Miller is a drag on the ticket," a Republican running for state office complained. But there were some loyal supporters. "I'd just love to see Bill Vice-President," one said. "But when it comes to the Presidency—never."

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The New B. & K.

SEVERYN BIALER

When Malenkov, Molotov & Co. tried to overthrow Khrushchev in 1957, no one was more outraged than Leonid Brezhnev. Denouncing the unsuccessful conspiracy, Brezhnev said: "We owe our successes to the fact that the Central Committee is headed by an outstanding state and party figure—Nikita Sergeivich Khrushchev. His indefatigable energy and revolutionary ardor inspire all of us to militant deeds. . . . For all of us the day-by-day activity of N. S. Khrushchev serves as an excellent example of a profoundly party-like and sensitive attitude toward the working people's proposals. . . . These qualities have rightly won Nikita Sergeivich the love and deep respect of our party and of all the Soviet people. . . . Molotov, Kaganovich, Malenkov . . . entered into an anti-party collusion. . . . In both domestic and foreign policy they were and remained revisionists, sectarians, and hopeless dogmatists, clinging to old, outdated forms and methods. . . ."

But now that a successful conspiracy has stripped Khrushchev of his powers, there is no one in the Kremlin to raise his voice in indignation. Indeed, Khrushchev's former defender, Brezhnev, has divided the spoils with his colleague Alexei Kosygin. Between them they control the Communist Party apparatus and the machinery of the Soviet state.

The office of first secretary of the Soviet Communist Party is, both symbolically and traditionally, the highest in the nation. The octopus-like party apparatus, which controls all other component parts of the bureaucracy, is in Brezhnev's hands. Kosygin, as premier, holds the Soviet Union's top administrative post. He is in charge of the daily management of Soviet affairs.

Joe's Boys

There is much that we do not know about the new team. We do not know what combination of events so dramatically invested them with supreme power. We can only speculate about what their policies may be. We are ignorant of those personal details so dear to newspaper readers in the West: the number of their children and grandchildren; their preference for beef Stroganov over Kiev cutlets, or kvass over vodka.

But Brezhnev and Kosygin are scarcely mysterious figures. They have held intermediate and high posts in the Soviet party and government for a quarter of a century. Much can be learned from the public record about their backgrounds, their particular skills, their experience, and their past performance.

Although there are important differences in their respective interests and talents, both men bear the stamp of the same early environment and experience. Both are Russians. (Brezhnev was born in the Ukraine, but of Russian parents.) Both are approaching sixty. Their fathers were workers. They had similar educations. They joined the Communist Party while still in their twenties.

Both men, moreover, are members of the relatively "old" generation of Soviet leaders, as distinguished from the "new" men, like Polyansky and Demichev, who came into prominence only in the post-Stalin era. Both B. & K. were already well on their way up during Stalin's life. At the same time, the advent of these two men to power represents a final break with the revolutionary past. At the time of the Revolution, Brezhnev was eleven and Kosygin thirteen. They became party members when Stalin's supremacy was already established. And while it is true that Kosygin was a volunteer in the Red Army at fifteen and fought in the Civil War, the "glorious Leninist past" cannot be more than a hazy memory to him. In every essential way, both men are products of the Stalin era.

The briefest glimpse at their respective careers suggests their involvement in the events of the Stalin era. Their rise began in the late 1930's when Stalin's massacre of the Old Bolsheviks opened up avenues of rapid ascent to young, tough newcomers who were willing to participate in the purges. Kosygin, who in 1938 was the director of a textile mill, leaped into prominence in 1939 as a member of the Council of People's Commissars (now Ministers) of the Soviet Union and head of the entire Soviet textile industry. Brezhnev, a rank-and-file technician in a metallurgical factory in 1937, was made a party secretary of the important industrial region of Dnepropetrovsk in 1939.

From that time until Stalin's death, B. & K. advanced step by step in the Soviet hierarchy. In 1940 Kosygin was appointed deputy chairman of the Council of People's Commissars and held onto his job throughout the remainder of the Stalin era. During the war he also served as chairman of the Council of People's Commissars (equivalent to premier) of the all-important Russian Republic. Immediately after the war he was "elected" to the highest party council, the Politburo (now called the Presidium), first as

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an alternate member and then, after 1948, as a full member. At the time of Stalin's death in 1953, Kosygin occupied one of the highest posts in the state economic administration as the vice-premier in charge of financial matters and consumer-goods production.

Brezhnev's advance under Stalin was slower than Kosygin's but no less striking. At the outbreak of the war, he was assigned to the army to direct propaganda and party work among the troops. First the chief of the political department of one army (the 18th), he soon advanced as chief of propaganda and party work on the Fourth Ukrainian Front. After demobilization, he returned to work again in the party apparatus and rose to the position of party boss of a major industrial area in the Ukraine. His next job, a stepping-stone to still higher power, was first party secretary of the small but strategically located and politically troublesome Moldavian Republic, just east of Romania.

The crucial moment in Brezhnev's career came in 1952, when he finally broke into the central Moscow Establishment and was "elected" to the Presidium as an alternate member. At the time of Stalin's death, he occupied a key power position in Moscow as one of the ten secretaries of the Soviet Communist Party.

Organizer and Administrator

Thus the character and careers of both men developed within the same Stalinist mold, but the skills and experience they acquired differed. In fact, each man represents, in an almost pure and undiluted form, the two major types of Soviet leaders: Brezhnev is the professional organizer and Kosygin the economic administrator.

Brezhnev has spent almost his whole working life within an organization of full-time political bureaucrats, the Communist Party apparatus. Wherever he has worked he has always been a representative of this apparatus. Even when he was in the army, he was not a member of the military establishment but of the party apparatus *within* the military establishment.

Brezhnev is a metallurgical engineer by education but not by occupation. He spent almost six years of his life in a general's uniform, but he is not a military specialist. He directed propaganda work in an important province, but he is not an ideologist. He has headed various Soviet missions abroad, but he is not a diplomat. At the same time, he is a little of everything. In every job he has held he was required to know a great deal about the problems at hand (industrial management in Dnepropetrovsk, agricultural management in Kazakhstan, administration of national minorities in Moldavia, etc.), in order to control his subordinates who were specialists in these matters. In sum, Brezhnev's whole career has prepared him for the job he now holds as supreme co-ordinator and policymaker. He is not, as has been widely

assumed abroad, a specialized managerial type. No matter how often his area of operation has changed in his career, his basic function remained the same: maintaining control over officials who were responsible for narrow specialized fields.

KOSYGIN, on the other hand, has spent his whole life in the management of the Soviet economy. He has never been a member of the community of professional organizers to which Brezhnev belongs. By education, he is a textile engineer. He knows the job of direct management of industry firsthand, having been director of a factory for several years. His major talent, however, lies in high-level administration.

Kosygin has specialized in the supervision of consumer-goods production—a fact that has been frequently noted in the western press during the past few weeks. His experience is not confined, however, to production. As minister of finance from 1948 to 1953, he supervised the financial performance of all branches of the Soviet economy. And for several years under Khrushchev, he was also chief Soviet planner. Kosygin is therefore more specialized than Brezhnev—the organizer *par excellence*. At the same time he has a far deeper knowledge of economic problems than Brezhnev.

Kosygin is the first Soviet premier with no experience outside the economic sphere. Yet it may be that he attained the post precisely because he has always been a relatively nonpolitical figure. In the jungle of Soviet politics, with its continual infighting and rivalry, probably Kosygin has survived not because he is a skilled politician always on the winning side but because he stuck to his administrative duties and accepted the decisions of whoever was at the top. The post-Khrushchev leadership is probably counting on him not to be a troublemaker.

HOWEVER GREAT the policy changes may be under B. & K., none may prove more striking than the difference in personality between Khrushchev and his two successors. Although the latter have not yet had a chance to reveal themselves in the international arena, we know enough about them from their past, their speeches, and their encounters with foreigners to assume that they will be cautious in action where Khrushchev was impetuous, dry and restrained in manner where Khrushchev was colorful and primitive, and deliberate in introducing changes in contrast to Khrushchev, who can rightly be called the Great Improviser in Soviet history.

It is quite likely that what Khrushchev's opponents found most intolerable was not his basic policies but rather his style of leadership. Khrushchev stood out like a freak against the gray mass of Soviet bureaucrats. His successors blend with it perfectly.

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Goldwater and the Bomb: Wrong Questions, Wrong Answers

HENRY A. KISSINGER

THE ISSUE of nuclear control in NATO was first raised by Senator Goldwater during the New Hampshire primary campaign, when he advocated that the NATO commander be permitted to use tactical nuclear weapons without reference to the White House. In the following months he modified this view, urging latitude for the NATO commander in the use of tactical nuclear weapons but not specifying what he meant by latitude. At the Republican national convention he defined tactical nuclear weapons as "weapons small enough to be carried on the shoulders, small enough to be launched from aircraft." Since even the largest thermonuclear weapons are carried by airplanes, this definition was far from restrictive. Later a task force established by Senator Goldwater and headed by former Secretary of Defense Neil H. McElroy made the following recommendations:

(1) The President should inform the American people about procedures for emergencies involving Presidential death and disability.

(2) "Actual" as opposed to "theoretical" Presidential control over nuclear weapons should not be extended to battlefield weapons.

(3) Authority should be delegated to the NATO commander for the use of tactical nuclear weapons in circumstances that might preclude consultation with the President.

(4) The President should give assurances that concern for "remote possibilities of accidental or unauthorized firings . . . will not result in the imposition of safeguard systems which impair our deterrent capability." This last recommendation was directed against the Permissive Action Links, electronic locks on nuclear weapons that can be released only by a signal from Washington.

These various criticisms and recommendations raise a number of questions. Let us try to deal with them in four broad categories:

Emergency Use of Nuclear Weapons. It is natural to share former President Eisenhower's publicly expressed dismay that the issue was ever raised. No administration could possibly comply with the demand that it reveal its procedures for the case of Presidential incapacity without giving a potential aggressor vital information. Since it is impossible to state the problem without exploring the most sensitive areas of national security, the proposed remedies are inevitably misleading. Senator Goldwater and his task force suggest that the NATO commander be given authority to use "battlefield nuclear weapons" if communications between NATO headquarters and Washington should be interrupted. However, an attack of a magnitude great enough to interrupt communications between Washington and NATO headquarters would make short-range battlefield weapons almost irrelevant anyway. The effectiveness of a counterblow would then depend primarily on strategic nuclear weapons, which are specifically excluded from the emergency delegation recommended by Senator Goldwater's task force. Is this because communications between SAC headquarters and Washington are thought to be more secure than between Washington and NATO headquarters? And what happens then to the strategic weapons that are already under NATO control? Or to the Polaris submarines? But if communications can be secured to every command except NATO, why not concentrate on improving communications with NATO headquarters? Finally, what makes Senator Goldwater and his advisers believe that an attack powerful enough to interrupt communications between NATO headquarters and Washington would leave communications between NATO headquarters and the field commanders intact? Or do they propose to delegate authority even further down the line?

Delegation of Authority over the Use of Tactical Nuclear Weapons. When to use nuclear weapons is an important issue that the Atlantic Alliance will have to solve. But delegation of authority to the NATO commander to initiate nuclear war does not resolve the problem, which is essentially one of political confidence. One reason is that the NATO commander is an allied officer; he is not in the U.S. chain of command. Even if the United States should delegate authority to the NATO commander, most if not all of our allies would certainly insist on retaining their veto—as was the case with the intermediate-range missiles in Italy and Turkey. This is one of the reasons that former NATO Commander Lauris Norstad has proposed that control be exercised by a civilian *political* body on which the major NATO countries, including the United States, would be represented.

This proposal is in line with the strategic realities. No NATO commander would want to use nuclear weapons in Europe without alerting SAC. But if communications are adequate for that, political control could also be exercised.

Permissive Action Links. Senator Goldwater has expressed concern that the safeguards on our nuclear weapons—specifically the Permissive Action Links—may prevent their use. It is impossible to evaluate this charge without much more knowledge of the state of communications between Washington and NATO headquarters and NATO headquarters and the field commander; this information, whatever administration is in office, must be highly classified. However, this issue is essentially separate from the question of who has the authority to release nuclear weapons. Even if authority were delegated to the NATO commander, some safeguards would still be required.

The Issue Before NATO. Many other questions are raised by the task force report, including the intriguing distinction between "theoretical" and "actual" Presidential control, which is opposed for battlefield weapons. But the profoundest problem is the irrelevance of the recommendations to the very real problems before the Atlantic Alliance.

The nuclear debate in NATO is not primarily about military operations

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but about the relative weight of various countries within the alliance. Our allies are more concerned that their interests be taken seriously than about the mechanics of conducting a nuclear war.

The nuclear issue has arisen in part because some of our allies believe that influence within the alliance depends on the possession of nuclear weapons, while the United States fears that to recognize this concept would make the proliferation of nuclear weapons inevitable.

Another cause for the nuclear debate in NATO is that the range and destructiveness of modern weapons run counter to traditional notions of national sovereignty. The risks of nuclear war may be too great to be combined with what has heretofore been considered a key attribute of sovereignty: the unilateral right of a sovereign state to alter its political or strategic views. Thus NATO requires above all a more embracing *political* structure.

Insofar as the issue of nuclear control has a military foundation, it is produced by the large force of Soviet medium-range ballistic missiles stationed in Russia and aimed at Europe. In order to counteract these, some Europeans have demanded nuclear weapons of their own. These would not be battlefield weapons, however, but essentially strategic ones; and in any case, they have been specifically excluded from the recommendations of both Senator Goldwater and his task force. Indeed, delegating authority over battlefield weapons while retaining it over the strategic weapons of NATO would lend color to the charge that United States strategy seeks to spare American territory while exposing our allies to all the risks of conflict.

The Atlantic Alliance certainly faces a number of serious problems. It must adjust its relations to the growth of European strength and self-confidence. It must find a political mechanism to behave purposefully during crisis and without illusion during periods of relaxation of tension. It badly needs an agreed strategic doctrine. The issue of the NATO multilateral force requires careful re-examination. But this Presidential campaign has contributed very little to the debate that sooner or later must begin in earnest.

Long Odds and Sure Things On the California Ballot

JOE and BARBARA SALTZMAN

Los Angeles

When Governor Hiram W. Johnson and his Progressives brought "direct democracy" to California in 1911, the initiative, referendum, and recall were hailed as guarantees that special-interest groups could no longer control the state government. The enthusiasts of those days certainly did not anticipate that during the next half century the initiative, designed to bypass both the legislature and the courts, would itself become a favorite tool of special-interest groups.

Anyone can get a constitutional amendment initiative on the ballot simply by gathering about half a million signatures—eight per cent of the registered voters casting ballots for governor in the previous election. But since the cost of this hallowed democratic procedure runs as high as fifty cents for each valid signature, it usually takes a pretty well-heeled campaign to sponsor an initiative.

This Election Day, California voters must judge the merits of an incongruous collection of seventeen propositions. Most are bond or tax measures, but four are initiatives put forth by such diverse interests as realtors, theater operators, railroad owners, and lottery speculators. Proposition 14, which had attracted national attention as the hottest local issue on the ballot, would nullify present and future state fair-housing legislation. Proposition 15 would abolish pay television in the state to the benefit of theatre owners and operators. Proposition 17 would eliminate so-called railroad featherbedding in the state.

It is Proposition 16, however, that provides the most interesting example of "direct democracy" in action. What it would do is establish a state lottery run by a private corporation under virtually irrevocable constitutional dictate. The initiative would give California the second state lottery in the nation. (New Hampshire voters approved a state-operated sweepstakes last March.)

California's lottery proposal was initiated by the American Sweepstakes Corporation, headed by Robert W. Wilson, a thirty-eight-year-old cement contractor from Arcadia who argues that the lottery will be a new source of revenue for the state and that it will "cut taxes, help finance our schools, and will fight and battle Communism."

Wilson's reasoning goes like this: he asserts that the state's credit is bad, taxes are spiraling, and school bonds can't be sold; this will force the state to turn to the Federal government for school aid, leading in turn to what he calls "the social state." For years Wilson tried to get a state-operated lottery enacted in order to remedy the state's alleged fiscal woes, but failed to get legislative support. He then turned to "private enterprise."

"Private enterprise can operate any type of business more efficiently than government," according to Wilson. "You see, the foundation of this nation was built on private enterprise. Any time you have the state in business you have socialism. And everyone knows that socialism and Communism are cousins."

Wilson, who failed in an earlier attempt to bring legalized draw-poker parlors to the Southern California town of Duarte, is gambling more than $2 million this election that the voters will support his version of the private-enterprise system. If they do, the American Sweepstakes Corporation will have an exclusive ten-year franchise to operate the private lottery, and Wilson and his backers will have a gold mine.

Under the terms of Proposition 16, the corporation would receive thirteen per cent (twenty-six cents) off the top of every two-dollar lottery ticket sold in the state until at least 1975. The proposed amendment specifies that the remaining lottery

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revenue would be distributed this way: twenty-two per cent (forty-four cents) to a California State Controlled Lottery Fund and sixty-five per cent ($1.30) to a California State Controlled Education Fund, to be spent by the state superintendent of public instruction in a way to "reduce public taxation" for public education.

The Big Payoff

Wilson estimates that gross income from the lottery will run up to $500 million annually, basing his guess on his studies of eighty-eight national lotteries, under-the-table sales of Irish Sweepstakes tickets, and population estimates for the state. If his figures are reasonably accurate, American Sweepstakes would stand to rake in $65 million a year, or $650 million in the next decade. Out of that sum, according to the terms of the initiative, American Sweepstakes would have to pay only $29,000 annually in license fees for operating in the state's fifty-eight counties. No other expenses or obligations are specified for American Sweepstakes in the initiative.

Wilson calculates that American Sweepstakes' expenses will reach $60 million annually, leaving the corporation with a net profit of only $5 million. The principal expenses, he says, will be the hiring of five thousand people as part of the corporation's ticket-distribution and money-collection operations. The state, in the meantime, must pay, out of the Controlled Lottery Fund income, nearly all of the expenses of running the lottery: the printing of all tickets; the salaries ($17,500 apiece) of a three-man state lottery commission to be appointed by the governor; the administrative costs of the commission; and, presumably, a ten per cent Federal excise tax assessed on all gambling revenues. When all of this is paid for, the prizes—three thousand a month—will be awarded out of whatever funds remain. Although American Sweepstakes literature hints that the prize money will include all of the twenty-two per cent earmarked for the State Controlled Lottery Fund, critics doubt that the prize money would amount to more than two per cent of the total ticket sales.

All American Sweepstakes need do at its end of the lottery operation is order whatever number of two-dollar tickets it wants from the state for distribution each month. Each ticket would cost the corporation $1.74. However, American Sweepstakes would not have to pay the state a cent for thirty-five days, so in effect it would operate off the state's credit until after the monthly drawing. In addition, the corporation could return all unsold tickets to the state for full credit.

Tickets would be sold in vending machines in drugstores, banks, restaurants, bowling alleys, and similar places. Wilson says that American Sweepstakes would pay three cents per ticket rental space. This payment, however, is not specifically mentioned in the initiative.

To make sure that no other enterprising private firm or individual gets into the act, a ten-year original license is given to American Sweepstakes Corporation as a reward for its "promotional work and financial expenditure to inform and educate the citizens of this state."

THE WHOLE proposition, according to Laughlin E. Waters, state chairman of Californians Against the Lottery Scheme, is a "carefully calculated, well thought-out private exploitation of the public interest" and a flagrant misuse of the initiative process.

To this, Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown adds: "Let me tell you that a lottery violates the principles of sound taxation; it is costly to administer and it trades on human weakness. But Proposition 16 presents something that is not even a sound lottery in itself. It was developed by private parties to benefit private parties at the expense of the people of the state."

Other opponents of the lottery include Max Rafferty, state superintendent of public instruction, and Thomas Braden, president of the state board of education, who have fought bitterly on nearly every other issue. State government and political leaders are being joined in their fight to defeat Proposition 16 by a growing list of civic organizations, most of the state's newspapers, all of the state's law-enforcement agencies, and the major churches and church organizations. But the financial resources of the opponents do not even approach those of the lottery promoters.

"Thus far, there has been such a tremendous demand for election money in California that this lottery fight has been a neglected issue on our side," Waters told us. "For an effective campaign we need $700,000 plus, but we are not going to be anywhere close to the figure." Nevertheless, the lottery's opponents have hopes that the voters will see through Wilson's "help schools-reduce taxes-fight Communism" slogans.

Wealthy but Not Rich

Opponents of the lottery also have an ace up their sleeve. That is Proposition 13 on the ballot, a legislative measure that would prohibit a constitutional amendment from granting any private corporation, individual, or nonprofit organization a state function, duty, or power. In other words, Proposition 13 could conceivably invalidate Proposition 16, although Wilson might be expected to take a different view of the matter.

Wilson expects the cost of his pro-lottery campaign to reach $2.5 million. The initial qualification expenses—American Sweepstakes collected 1.2 million signatures, double the population of New Hampshire—ran well over half a million dollars.

To build voter support, Wilson is making use of billboards and the mass media. He has more than three hundred full-size billboards and 950 small billboards throughout the state. In addition, he is spending at least a quarter of a million dollars for one-minute, thirty-second, and ten-second TV spots and at least half that much for radio spots. During the last three days of campaigning, a ten-minute movie on "The Lottery—a New Source of Revenue" will be put on the air waves by American Sweepstakes.

The company now has five hundred shareholders, Wilson claims. Some eight hundred shares, or twenty-five per cent of the stock, is in Wilson's hands, while the next largest block, five to seven per cent of the corporation, is held by John Paul Brown (no relation to Governor Brown), an attorney turned public-relations counsel for the group. Both

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Wilson and Brown have been ordered by Charles E. Rickershauser, Jr., the state commissioner of corporations, to cease and refrain from transferring their stock. In a hearing held last April, the two lottery promoters were found guilty of "subterfuge" in the sale of notes without a permit, in acting as security brokers without a certificate, and in the use of misleading and deceptive advertising. Wilson and Brown are appealing the decision, asserting that the commissioner's verdict was Governor Brown's attempt to "freeze our funds."

Wilson has been quick to reassure other gambling interests that his lottery will not take away any of their dollars. The people who would play the American Sweepstakes lottery, Wilson says, would be the "average working-class type of person" who would not be apt to bet extravagantly at the race track, card club, or Nevada casino.

And this is precisely what worries many of those who oppose the lottery. "If any revenue is produced for the state by the lottery, that money is going to be taken right out of our basic economy," one of them told us. "It's the sort of money that would be used for food and clothing. To the extent that the consumer dollar is going to be placed in the lottery rather than in normal channels, it is going to be lost to the state and local governments in sales tax."

There is also fear that crime and corruption in the state would increase as a result of a legalized privately operated lottery, and that law-enforcement costs would subsequently rise. "Experience shows that underworld money today is hunting for new outlets," Waters has said. "In the event that they could find some opportunity to graft onto this operation, it is reasonable to assume that they would attempt to do so." Wilson doubts that any such thing could happen as a result of his initiative. Even if it could, he said, no one would be able to make more than "nickels and dimes."

Wilson, however, won't be making nickels and dimes if Proposition 16 becomes law. As he put it, "I am not going to be a rich man if Proposition 16 wins. A wealthy man, perhaps, but not a rich man."

Osagyefo Thinks Deep

THOMAS STERLING

From the beginning of Kwame Nkrumah's career as the leader of the first African state to be redeemed from a European colonial empire, it was evident that he was an ambitious and resourceful man. In the years that followed Ghana's independence in 1957, however, other ambitious and equally resourceful men have brought states into being and have diluted Nkrumah's fame. Compared to leaders who are intellectually his superior, such as Sékou Touré of Guinea, or who have greater emotional depths and a more commanding presence, as has Jomo Kenyatta of Kenya, Nkrumah's impression upon Pan-African conferences has become progressively fainter. Even in Ghana he has lately become more of an umpire between warring factions (and a temptingly mortal one, at that) than the captain of the national team. Clearly, the time has come for Ghana's leader to make a splash if he possibly can. No one was greatly surprised, therefore, when he recently launched himself as an African Lenin, with a brand-new philosophy—a sort of gloss on dialectical materialism—which he calls Consciencism. This will certainly be followed by a mass political movement organized on a continental basis, a prospect that delights no other African leader. The man who is known in Ghana as "His Messianic Dedication" has decided to become again a fisher of men and not a cutter of bait.

Opposition Is Un-Ghanaian

The philosophy of Consciencism is an extension of what in Ghana was formerly called Nkrumahism. Both words, as one diplomat described them to me, are not so much jawbreakers as liquefiers; they are ideologically designed to hold many things in suspension, if not solution. Nkrumahism has never been honed as fine as Consciencism. Indeed, it can be brought down to the rough political principle expounded by Ghana's present minister of defense, Kofi Baako, in a recent discourse at Accra: ["Ghanaians] believe that they must always have a leader or chief . . . if you put any two Ghanaians on an island you will return to find that one has installed the other as a chief." Nkrumah, of course, is the chief; and just to keep the people on that island (which looks pretty much like a penal colony at times) from changing their minds, Nkrumahism encourages the belief that it is through opposition parties "that colonialism and imperialism seek to perpetuate their hold on the country . . . a monolithic party is necessary in an ex-colonial state which is inevitably faced with the task of correcting past maladjustments." Baako ended on a spiritual note: "Lastly, I draw your attention to the religious feeling among our people. No Ghanaian, no African for that matter, is atheist."

At bottom, Consciencism is Nkrumahism packaged for export and has approximately the same objectives. It aims to unite all of Africa under one government, and there is never very much doubt in the mind of the man who has elaborated the philosophy who will be its leader. Kwame Nkrumah spent several of his ten student years in America studying philosophy, and while he never actually got his doctorate, his qualifications as a teacher of the subject are probably those of an assistant professor. As it happened, he chose a far more interesting profession; and from the cavalier way he makes philosophy the handmaiden of policy in his latest book, *Consciencism—Philosophy and Ideology for De-Colonization and Development with particular reference to the African Revolution*, it is probably just as well.

One of Nkrumah's recurrent themes in his book is that philosophy should not be confined to an ivory tower, and perhaps not

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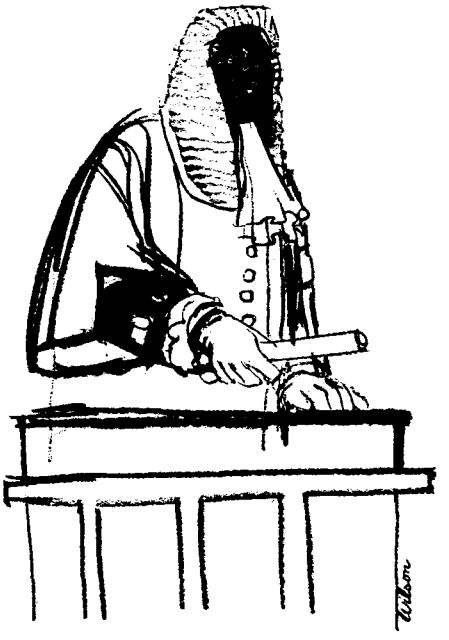
even to an ebony one. "Whereas the great philosophers, the titans, have always been passionately interested in social reality and the welfare of man, many of their twentieth-century descendants . . . excuse themselves from philosophical comment on social progress or social oppression, on peace or war. While they thus pursue 'the exact sense of the word,' all authority, political or moral, passes ever more firmly into the hands of the politicians." This is an interesting comment, surely, and one might accept it provisionally if Nkrumah were a philosopher, not himself one of the politicians into whose hands political and moral authority is in danger of passing. You can't righteously drive the money changers from the temple while you're making change on the altar yourself.

In a sort of retrospection at the beginning of his ambitious work, Nkrumah strikes one of his most persistent notes, one that would set Karl Marx's teeth on edge. He speaks of Marx's dislike for religion because it distracted the masses from the value they had created by their own labor here on earth. But, Nkrumah says, "Many African societies in fact forestalled this kind of perversion. The dialectical contradiction between 'inside' and 'outside' [the world] was reduced by making the visible world continuous with the invisible world." At this point one hears the faint rattle of the juju gourd, and it grows louder as we proceed. At the close of the Redeemer's book, in fact, juju has taken a place right up front in a class on Marxist dialectics, where, one must admit, it seems right at home.

In a history of western philosophy tacked onto the front of his book more or less as an introduction to Consciencism, Nkrumah gives the nod to two or three thousand years of fellow great thinkers, pointing out that materialism is egalitarian and that idealism is anti-egalitarian and ruthlessly overriding every idea that has nothing to do with dialectical materialism as he sees it. In spite of the resolutely soporific effect of this part of the book, it is also strangely touching. One suddenly sees the author and realizes how much it means to him—particularly the *stuffiness* of his argument. There is something awfully prim and proper about it. It all seems to be taking place under a fringed lampshade with perhaps antimacassars on the chairs. It may even be that the reason Marxism has such an initial success in underdeveloped countries is that it offers the one thing the people of such countries value more than money—respectability.

The second part of Nkrumah's book abandons the attempt to approximate classical Marxism, however, and for that reason it is more interesting. Perhaps the main point of departure is that Nkrumah denies (to the steady whine of Lenin's mummy spinning in his mausoleum) the necessity of the class struggle in achieving socialism in Africa. Instead, he foresees a jump from primitive communism, or communalism,



to self-conscious socialism. Thus, ". . . the passage from colonialism to genuine independence is an act of revolution. But because of the continuity of communalism with socialism, in communalistic societies, socialism is not a revolutionary creed. . . ."

This suggests that the forces at work in Ghana today are really those pressing for reform, not revolution, which may be a serious and dangerous error. For the past two years, anyway, explosives have been going off in Ghana like patriotic salutes. Nkrumah's plan for jumping from primitive communism to something very like the sophisticated kind gives anyone with ambition in Ghana except Nkrumah himself the sensation of moving backward, not forward. In fact, the president's insistence on the continuity between pre-colonial Ghana and a post-colonial socialist "demi-paradise," as someone called it in the House of Assembly, sounds reactionary at times, not to say f-sc-st—especially when one remembers that there are now literally thousands of people in Ghana's jails to whom the government has no obligation to give a fair trial or, indeed, any trial at all.

Above the Law

Except for the halcyon days just after independence, Nkrumah has never been as popular as his sycophants would have us believe. Sometimes praise has even been a kind of perfumed smoke screen behind which aggression was planned. True, Nkrumah is worshiped almost as a god by perhaps the majority of the Ghanaian people; but aside from the fact that religious dramas often end with the desperate death of the god himself, almost every coherent interest in the country, to the right and the left of the revered president, has had reason at one time or another for wanting to dispose of him.

There is little doubt that Nkrumah's popularity has drastically fallen. At a referendum held at the end of January this year, no one was quite certain that he could win an honest election. A party-supporting newspaper in Accra warned the electorate, for instance, that they could no longer "hide under the so-called 'secrecy' of the polling booth," and correspondents from the *Guardian* later reported that the election was shockingly fraudulent. When Osagyefo ("The Redeemer," Nkrumah's official title) won the referendum with a vote of 2,773,920 for to 2,452 against, even the most hardened observers of African politics were appalled.

This referendum was indirectly a result of an assassination attempt in the summer of 1962. All during that fall and the next spring, as Nkrumah hid in the government center, Flagstaff House, bombs were ex-

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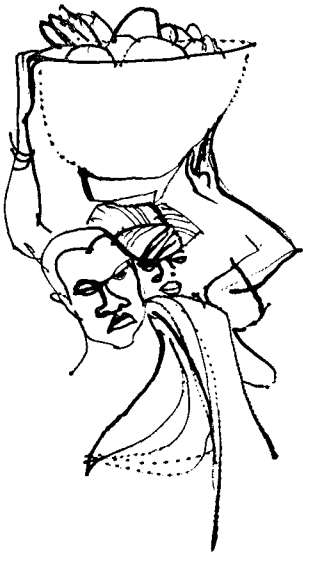
ploded regularly in Accra, wounding and killing hundreds. The government eventually charged Information Minister Tawia Adamafio and Foreign Minister Ako Adjei with engineering the plot. Last December, the special court presided over by Chief Justice Sir Arku Korsah acquitted three of the defendants, including Adamafio and Adjei, but the president declared the judges' decision null and void. This caused a furor among the other English-speaking countries of Africa, especially in Nigeria, where the rule of law is recognized as a British fetish and treasured as such. There was also a sharp reprimand from the International Commission of Jurists. The Accra *Evening News* tried to put the matter into perspective: 'Is a thing not true merely because certain Roman technicalities completely alien to the spirit of African law are allegedly unfulfilled?"

Nine days after Nkrumah countermanded the order acquitting Adamafio and Adjei, a young policeman at Flagstaff House fired at the president. Nkrumah escaped and took refuge in a great white stone castle on the sea at Christiansborg, built by imperialist Danes in the seventeenth century. Rumors spread that there had been a fight in the castle, that two more guards had been killed—this time by the president—and that Nkrumah was being held by the army.

The referendum was clearly rigged to show that Nkrumah was invincible at a time when he was having serious trouble backstairs, even if one discounts the most lurid of the rumors. Since then, Nkrumah seems to have regained control, though he is now deeply in trouble with the Ghanaian market women (still called Mammys) who control eighty or ninety per cent of the retail trade in the country and are, pound for pound, the most formidable machines for creation and destruction that nature has yet devised.

It is standard practice for dictatorial leaders who get into trouble at home to attack abroad, and while Nkrumah's attack is as yet merely a philosophical book, no one doubts that there is more to follow. Building up the case for Consciencism, he says that there are three broad features of African life. The first is the traditional way, the second is the influence of Islam, and the third has been created by the infiltration of Euro-Christian culture into Africa, "using colonialism and neo-colonialism as its primary vehicles." Nkrumah proposes to weld these traditions into a continent-wide African state. This state, he says, will be basically materialist. However, he adds, his materialism does not imply the *sole* existence of matter. "Strictly speaking, the assertion of the sole reality of matter is atheistic, for pantheism, too, is a species of atheism. Philosophical consciencism, even though deeply rooted in materialism, is not necessarily atheistic."

He is now on the edge of what in another context he called a position which "smells unpleasantly of animism." I am not able to say how far he strays into that position, and animism doesn't happen to smell at



all unpleasant to me, but it is surely a refreshing approach to a subject that intimidated even the stoutest of us when I attended the Jefferson School during a politically masochistic phase of my youth. Nkrumah says that "It is the basic unity of matter, despite its varying manifestations, which gives rise to egalitarianism," and he calls on "categorial conversion—a qualitative change from a quantitative one"—to help him out. He describes the traditional African's approach to matter rather as a seasoned old colonialist would over his evening gin. "If one takes the philosophy of the African one finds that in it the absolute and independent existence of matter is accepted. Further, matter is not just dead weight, but alive with forces in tension."

Symbolic Illogic

Having now established to his own satisfaction that there is such a thing as an African homogeneous to the continent who believes that matter is informed with an independent existence (or, to put it more bluntly, *hants*), Nkrumah gives Einstein's theory of relativity some long-due recognition, saying that with regard to space, "relativity and philosophical consciencism are mutually consistent," and then throws a brotherly arm around the visibly resisting shoulders of Kant: ". . . philosophical consciencism, though it has the same cardinal principle of ethics as Kant, differs from Kant in founding ethics on a philosophical idea of the nature of man. This is what Kant describes as ethics based on anthropology. By anthropology Kant means any study of the nature of man, and he forbids ethics to be based on such a study." Considering what the nature of man is capable of, especially when political dictators take to writing books on philosophy, one can't help but think that Kant knew damn well what he was forbidding.

Nkrumah finally sets up standards of behavior in his dynamic new Consciencist Africa called "positive action" and "negative action." Nkrumah says that positive action can be so alert to negative action that it can all be mapped out in set theoretic terms, and produces forty-odd symbols of his to prove it. The result often approximates the following:

U pa G I . . . k ⟷ [(pa ↗ + na ↘ O) GI + (pa ↗ + na ↘ O) G 2 + ... + OG K — 1 + (pa ↗ + na ↘ O) GK]

One could quote the last seven pages of the main body of his book describing what he means by these terms, but essentially they mean—and I am sure that practically every other African leader would agree—that positive action means "what I think," and negative action means "what you think."

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A Place to Sleep in Romania

GEORGE BAILEY

THE SCENE is a lonely stretch of highway somewhere in Romania. The tourist is ranging the country at high speed in search of the scarcest item in an economy of extreme scarcity—a hotel room. There is no room at the inn in Lugoj, no accommodation anywhere in Timisoara sixty-seven kilometers further west, none in Arad seventy kilometers to the north. But in Arad there is the promise of a fine new hotel just thirty kilometers further north. The lonely traveler speeds thither to find nothing of the sort. Instead he is confronted late in the evening by a railroad crossing with the barrier down in the middle of nowhere. But there is not a train in sight or in earshot. Seasoned to this sort of thing, the lonely traveler is not perturbed. Eventually a figure emerges from the shadows and approaches the car. "*Buna seara.* We have three fellows here who live in a village six kilometers up the road. Would you be good enough to give them a lift?" When the three are settled in the car he goes on, "A-ah, do you by any chance have any cigarettes?" A packet of cigarettes changes hands. "Why, thank you very much!" Then he turns and calls into the darkness: "O.K., Dmitru!" And up goes the barrier.

THE ROMANIAN government tourist agency, Carpati, is beleaguered by an army of tourists much too large for the country's limited facilities—even at the Black Sea resort of Mamaia, a misspelled Miami that can and does accommodate forty thousand tourists a month during the summer. By rights the staff of Carpati ought to be on the defensive. Instead they let it be understood that in order to give anyone a room they must take it away from someone else. They make it clear that they are prepared to do this under the right circumstances. By adopting an air of quiet but impish expectancy, the staff encourages the impression that if only the tourist-petitioner can put on a good enough show, if he can dramatize and declaim his needs and disappointments with eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, if he can harangue and hector from a towering rage in the language of Shakespeare, Goethe, Corneille, or Dante—if only, in short, he can qualify as a bona fide contestant, he will receive a room by way of an award for a rattling good performance. A hotel reservation, like flattery, will get you nowhere. Moreover, both bore the staff.

I was too listless to go through the full charade the evening I arrived at the Carpati office in Bucharest. As a result I received the booby prize at nine o'clock in the evening. This came in the form of instructions on how to get to the *complexul turistic* on Lake Snagov: turn right at kilometer stone 26 on the main road north from Bucharest, and nine kilometers further you will find yourself bleary-eyed and cursing in the middle of a plowed field. The trick is to push on—or drive on if you can—through the plowed field and get lost in the woods on the other side: the woods border Lake Snagov and somewhere on the lake shore is the *complexul*—a summer camp for hardy young people.

On my second evening in Bucharest I encountered an Italian businessman whose problem neatly complemented mine: he was about to be evicted from a double room because he was single. In a matter of hours we had arranged to share the room, but the final arrangements with Carpati were more complicated. At Desk A you receive your bill for the room to be paid in advance. You proceed to pay the bill at Desk B, whence you must return to Desk A for redress because you have been overcharged. You have been overcharged because you were obliged, in the first instance, to pay for both room *and* board. Since nobody actually takes board, you must arrange at Desk A to be repaid the sum you have shelled out for board. The purpose of this exercise is to put more hard currency into the pocket of the government: original payment is made in hard currency; subsequent repayment is made in lei. To be repaid you must go to Desk C and thence back to Desk A to confirm repayment and prepare your documents for the trip to Desk D, where the whole transaction is either solemnized or thrown into further question. In the former case you are issued a room number and the name of a hotel. In the latter case you go back to Desk A and start again.

When I had finally finished with Desk D I discovered I was late for a dinner appointment, so I postponed repairing in triumph to my room. I went up at midnight only to find an utter stranger waving three fingers in my face and muttering, "Three are enough—no more." Thoroughly baffled, I rushed down to the reception desk: "What happened to my room? Where is my Italian?"

"Well," said the clerk, "your Italian met another Italian who had a double room and needed a partner so he joined him and we gave your double room to some other people." Where did all this leave me—odd man out? No, the director of Carpati would take care of me. I had a phantasmagoric vision of my return to Desks A, B, C, and D in the middle of the night. But shortly I was ushered into a single room. It had taken a little while to clear the absent occupant's luggage out so as to present him, when he returned, with a *fait accompli.* The director of Carpati solves his problems as they arise.

IN EVERY HOTEL in Romania there is a room with several beds and couches reserved for the hotel's musicians. Neither the room nor its occupants, who are very often transients, are listed in the hotel's registry; they are considered part of the hotel staff. I picked up a hitchhiking Gypsy musician in Transylvania and he became my entrée to the unofficial fellowship of musicians in Romania. He told me that the term "Gypsy" is taboo in Romania, as in Hungary. Stalin ruled that calling a Gypsy a Gypsy is racial discrimination, and the ruling still stands. Gypsy music is called "folk music" or "music with atmosphere" or "spirited music." But usage is difficult to change. Unable to find a hotel room in Brasov, I bethought myself of my friend the musician and

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went to his hotel. The desk clerk entered into the spirit of the thing:

"Sorry, he's not registered."

"But he must be—he's the big Gypsy musician."

"You mean folk musician."

"No, he's a jazzman."

"Ah, a Jew."

"No, as a matter of fact he's a Hungarian Gyp . . . er, folk musician."

"I see, a Magyar chauvinist."

"Certainly not, but that reminds me—he's a guitarist."

"Oh, that's Tibor. Why didn't you say so in the first place? He's in the Gypsies' room—413."

AFTER a few nights I realized that sleeping in various musicians' rooms was at best an emergency measure which, taken too often, was undermining my health. I determined to spend at least one night in Romania in comfort and privacy. I had the address of a private house in Sibiu, many of whose inhabitants are descended from twelfth-century emigrants from Saxony. There, I had been assured, was a spotlessly clean feather bed. Arriving at Sibiu, I pulled up and told a man strolling along the sidewalk that I was looking for Stefan Furtuna Strada.

"Are you now?" said the Saxon with a grin. "Well, I'd say you haven't a chance in the world of finding it."

"Why not?"

"Because they keep changing the names of streets and squares and parks and towns and regions so often around here that nobody knows where the hell anything is any more."

"But surely the police know."

"Do you want to bet on that?"

We found a patrolman who leafed through his book for us. I could see that several street names had been crossed out and the new ones added. Finally he looked up and shook his head. "It must be a brand-new one," he said. I insisted that there must be a record of the street somewhere, but he merely shrugged his shoulders, saluted, and walked off.

"I doubt," said the Saxon, "that there is any record of it. You see, the Romanians are not good managers, and anyway the government is pretty shaky." By this time he had adopted a conspiratorial air.

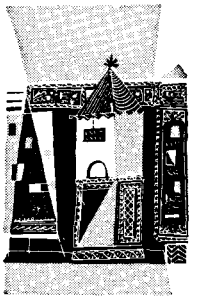
"What makes you think the government is shaky?" I asked.

"Well, it's obvious: they can't settle on what they really want to call anything!"

Sure enough, I never found Stefan Furtuna Strada with its spare room and its feather bed

BY THE TIME I had driven nearly two hundred kilometers from Sibiu to Lugoj (where there was no room), I decided to flee Romania that very night for Hungary. Hungary is not far from Lugoj, but there is only one official border-crossing point, and that is just east of Oradea, some two hundred kilometers as the road runs to the north from Lugoj. It was almost midnight when I reached Oradea. There was no room, of course, but in the last hotel I visited a short man drew himself up before me and announced that he could provide me with a room. "There are very few things I can't do in this town," he informed me. "You see, I happen to be the public prosecutor."

The public prosecutor was drunk, but not too drunk, I judged, to get me a room; the desk clerk assured me that the prosecutor was as good as his word. The prosecutor himself would ride along and direct me to the hotel. But before long we were



in the country and I had to pull up in front of a police checkpoint. The prosecutor quickly talked and joked his way through. A half mile further on we came to another checkpoint. Again the prosecutor was recognized and we passed. Only once, at the fifth checkpoint (we passed seven), did the prosecutor have any trouble. When we finally drove on he explained to me that the police officer concerned was a peasant. By this time I was becoming desperate. I had long since decided to dump the prosecutor at the first opportunity and go it alone, but we were obviously deep in some sort of restricted area and, judging from the dozens of powerful searchlights brightening the landscape ahead, approaching a sensitive installation. The place was teeming with police and army officers and other officials. I parked the car while the prosecutor went into one of the buildings. A police officer, obviously distraught, approached and asked what I was doing there. I had to admit that I didn't know. "But how did you get through all the checkpoints?" he roared.

With a flash of inspiration I asked, "What checkpoints?" The police officer turned away in dejection, muttering about incompetents and blunderers. Suddenly I recognized the place. It was the official border crossing between Hungary and Romania, and because of ceremonies surrounding some sort of Danubian automobile rally, the road was closed to all traffic for the night. I pleaded with every border and customs official I could find, but in the end I was obliged to drive back to Oradea with the prosecutor.

THERE WERE a couple more dream sequences that night. At one point my faithful guide the prosecutor led me into the restaurant of the railroad station and immediately offered to present me to "some very important people"—three seedy-looking characters seated at a corner table, one of whom was holding his open collar up over his nose and vomiting quietly into the inside of his shirt. "These," said the prosecutor grandly, "are workers."

It was then that I lost my temper completely. I put on a show that might well have moved the staff of the Carpati Travel Office in Bucharest. The prosecutor relented and took me to the second hotel I had visited in Oradea. He had a brief chat with the desk clerk and then directed me to a room on the second floor. There was no need for a key, he said; the door would be open. Somehow it all sounded familiar. "There wouldn't by any chance be any musicians sleeping in this room, would there?" I asked.

"Why, yes," he said, "there are. How did you know?"

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Malaysia: A Tempting Target

DENIS WARNER

KUALA LUMPUR

ONE OF Indonesia's more persuasive arguments against Malaysia, stressed only in private and with great caution by Sukarno's senior officials, is that since the Chinese are the biggest racial unit in the young federation, some day they will take it over and become a spearhead for Peking, directly threatening the Indonesian archipelago. They point to the economic dominance of the Chinese in Southeast Asia and to their traditional political orientation toward their homeland. Half a century ago Singapore and Malaya constituted a base and a primary source of funds for Sun Yat-sen. More recently, both Singapore and Malaya were the scene of a Chinese Communist uprising that took twelve years to control; and the Clandestine Communist Organization in Sarawak, one of the two Borneo states in the Malaysian Federation, is almost wholly Chinese.

Of course Indonesians are not the only people in Southeast Asia who worry about these facts. Fear of Chinese domination is a motivating force in Prime Minister Tengku Abdul Rahman's United Malays National Organization, the base of his government's Malay-Chinese-Indian alliance. It was this fear that kept Singapore out of the Federation of Malaya when it became independent in 1957 and that resulted in 1963 in the broader Federation of Malaysia, in which the Malays hoped that Chinese influence might be diluted by the presence of other races.

It might be reasonable to expect, therefore, that in its bid to "crush Malaysia," Indonesia's energies would be directed against the Chinese, especially those known to be Communists. On the contrary, however, from the earliest days of the aggressive tactics they call "confrontation," the Indonesians have openly allied themselves with the Clandestine Communist Organization. As early as August, 1963, a month before Malaysia was formed, the Indonesian military commander at Singkawang in Borneo claimed that 1,600 Sarawakians, mostly Chinese, whom he was training as guerrillas, would "soon be ready to return to the north."

One War, Many Fronts

An even more serious situation has now developed in Malaya itself. There is a link between the landing of sea-borne Indonesian guerrillas and paratroopers in Malaya in August and September and the movement of armed bands of Malayan Communist guerrillas out of southern Thailand, where they fled twelve years ago, back into the jungle fastness of Pahang in central Malaya. In the name of anti-Communism, the Indonesian armed forces have entered into an alliance of convenience with the Malayan Communist Party to foment a new Chinese Communist uprising in Malaya itself, and alternatively to attack the fragile Sino-Malay racial partnership on which Malaysia is based. Once again we are forcibly reminded that the war in Southeast Asia is one war with many fronts.

Eleven years ago in the shabby little town of Betong in southern Thailand, I discovered that the Communist guerrilla leader, Chin Peng, had moved in with a couple of hundred of his followers. Now Betong is a primarily Chinese town in a largely Malay province that the Thais administer with a token police force. Left to themselves, the Communists set out their training camps in the surrounding jungle, planted vegetable gardens, and built simple houses. They were prepared to live and let live, an approach that the Thais welcomed, especially as their uninvited guests were scrupulous about paying for their food and other needs.

Time and again Kuala Lumpur, first under the British and subsequently under the independent leadership of Tengku Abdul Rahman, appealed for a co-operative effort by the two countries to eradicate this little enclave. The Thais balked at joint military action but in 1959 agreed to combined border-police patrols. For some reason, the agreement was never implemented. Unmolested, Chin Peng went about the reconstruction of the Communist Party and its armed units, and subversion of the four southern provinces of Thailand. For the past year he has campaigned against Malaysia, promising the Malays in Thailand that they will be reunited with Malaya after "British Malaysia" has been crushed. Communist medical detachments won friends by treating villagers free of charge. Others participated in a rural aid program.

More recently Malaysia and Thailand have agreed to co-operate in eliminating these Communist forces, now grown to an estimated five hundred men. But the agreement is years late. In July and August the

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Communist insurgents began to return to Malaya in groups of about fifteen, heading for the mountains of Pahang.

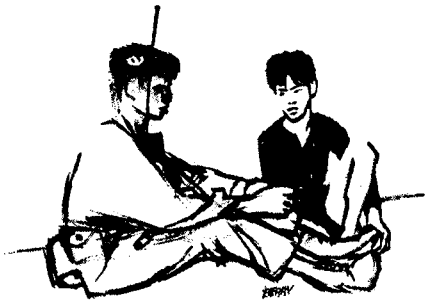
INDONESIA'S links with the Malayan Communist Party and its sympathizers date back to December, 1961, when President Sukarno appealed for volunteers for the West New Guinea campaign. The Indonesian consulate in Singapore organized special indoctrination classes, and handpicked groups, both Chinese and Malay, were sent to Indonesia for further political indoctrination and military training. All of this was quite overt. Members of the Singapore government even went to the airport to bid farewell to the departing volunteers, though the police warned that most had Communist associations.

The recruitment of volunteers in Singapore and Malaya was resumed early this year, and in May Kuala Lumpur received reports that Chinese youths from Johore, the southernmost Malayan state, were crossing the Strait of Malacca for commando and paratroop training in Indonesia. At a camp near Djakarta they were given brief but intensive training in preparation for their return to Malaya with regular Indonesian forces that in August and early September landed by sea on the coast of Johore and were dropped by parachute into the hinterland, where they expected to receive a warm welcome from the local Chinese population and to link up with the Malayan Communist groups returning from Thailand to form a main base in Pahang.

Malaya under the British was, of course, a showcase of how to eradicate Communist guerrillas. One of the legacies of those years of struggle is a first-class rural intelligence network. Fishermen quickly reported the coastal landings, and around the village of Labis in central Johore, once notorious for its armed Communist gangs, the local population fell over itself to collect rewards for information leading to the capture of the paratroopers and their local agents. Within a month the original force of about ninety paratroopers had been reduced to twelve. One starving Indonesian officer, hearing the sounds of a party in a Chinese peasant cottage, knocked at the door and asked for food. Since the party was being celebrated on the proceeds of a reward already received for turning in one of his own men, the officer was more than welcome. While the host plied him with food and drink, one of the guests slipped off to alert the Gurkhas—and to claim the reward that would provide yet another party.

Bumbling Commandos

Miscalculation, misfortune, and inefficiency were all contributing factors in the Indonesians' failure. One Hercules transport with its full complement of paratroopers is believed to have crashed into the Strait of Malacca. Paratroopers who reached their destination landed in camouflaged uniforms and carried suits of civilian clothing to help them mix unnoticed with the local population. Like the three hundred Malaysian



dollars in crisp single bills each carried, the newness of the suits was an immediate giveaway.

Although the paratroopers' equipment was good, their training and morale did not impress the Gurkhas who were brought in to round them up. Every man had a compass, but only about one in ten knew how to use it. Instead of making a quick rendezvous after the drop, the paratroopers found themselves scattered over a wide area. Setting off in different directions, they soon got lost. They carried rations for only eighteen meals and failed to find a ton of food dropped for their use. Instead of joining up with the sea-borne guerrillas or with the Malayan Communist groups, they wandered aimlessly until they surrendered from hunger or were captured or killed.

Two of three sea-borne groups fared no better than the paratroops. The whereabouts of a third group of about forty Indonesian marines, accompanied by eight Malayan Chinese guides, remains a continuing cause for concern, however. After a clash with a Malay battalion, this group broke up into sections of about half a dozen men and disappeared. It may have re-embarked and returned to Indonesia, or it may be carrying out its original orders and heading inland.

It seems certain that Britain, committed by treaty to Malaysia's defense and with investments in Malaya worth more than $2 billion, will strike back against Indonesia itself if there is any repetition of the landings. The Indonesian guerrilla activities in Sabah and Sarawak, where some four hundred infiltrators are still operating, are regarded by the British with a degree of tolerance that is noticeably absent here. Whatever its charges against the inclusion of the Borneo territories in Malaysia, it is argued, Indonesia signed a treaty of friendship with Malaya in 1959, and its armed attacks on Malayan territory can only be regarded as overt aggression. The agreement is that since Britain and Malaysia lack the ground forces with which to meet Indonesia on its own terms, they should hit back by air and sea, elements in which the Indonesians, though superficially strong with their MIG-21s, Badger bombers, and missile-carrying destroyers, are technically weak. The British believe that they have the means to destroy Indonesian air and sea power in two weeks or less, and the service chiefs are openly anxious to put their belief to the test.

A PRIMARY restraining influence in September was the Australian view that though it may prove to be unavoidable, a largely white man's war against Indonesia would damage Malaysia's Afro-Asian standing and give support to Indonesia's claim that Malaysia is neo-colonialist. This has occasioned some largely private but sharply expressed Anglo-Australian differences, and in British circles here the charge is frequently heard that Australia is dragging its feet in honoring its own commitment to defend Malaysia. Australia, committed to advise and consult with the United States because of its ANZUS links, is inclined

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to feel that British impetuosity is more than balanced by Washington's excessive consideration for Sukarno and his sensitivities. The differences appear to be mostly in emphasis, however: Britain has developed a hearty detestation for Sukarno; Australia wants to find a way short of war to curb Sukarno's expansionist ambitions before they include eastern New Guinea; the U.S., aware that Indonesia must be considered an integral part of the whole problem of Southeast Asia, wants to do nothing that will push Sukarno completely into the Communist camp.

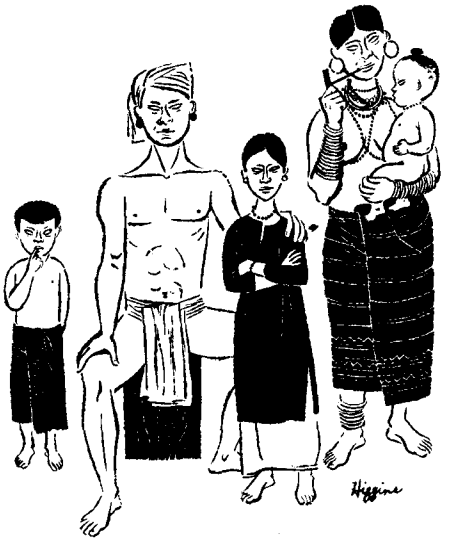
The difficult objective, as in Vietnam, is to use the persuasive force of military power as a deterrent without becoming involved in a war. The difference between North Vietnam and Indonesia, however, is that Sukarno seems more responsive to the threat of retaliatory action than does Ho Chi Minh. There was a perceptible, if only temporary, pulling back in Djakarta in September when it became obvious that the Malayan operations had not only failed but also precipitated a show of British strength.

Centrifugal Forces

There is still much that Sukarno can do to wreck Malaysia without pushing confrontation to the point where the British will go to war. The federation, which was a year old on September 16, is racked with stresses and strains. Some are so serious that they might already have caused Malaysia to fall apart had not Indonesia launched a campaign to crush it.

Essentially, Malaysia was a compromise and an attempt to tidy up the British colonial residue in Southeast Asia. Sabah and Sarawak were not nearly ready or large enough to stand on their own feet. Singapore, excluded from the Federation of Malaya in 1957 because it would have given the Chinese a numerical advantage in the country, needed an outlet for the energy of its rapidly increasing Chinese population, which was being actively wooed by Peking. Torn between his fear of Singapore's Chinese and his even greater fear that the island might become Communist, Rahman was finally persuaded that the People's Action Party, under the leadership of the able and astute Lee Kuan Yew, had won the battle against the Communists and that Malaysia could now care for Singapore's economic needs while curbing its political excesses.

There was no other reason in Kuala Lumpur for including Singapore or the Borneo territories in a



new federation. Under its own steam, Malaya was doing even better than the most optimistic had expected. With a population of less than eight million, its gross national product had reached about $2.3 billion a year. Production of natural rubber, the country's principal economic prop, had risen steadily, and the value of tin and iron-ore exports was also up. Private car ownership may not be the best guide to living standards, but it was symptomatic of the general prosperity that car registrations jumped from 69,000 in 1957 to 124,000 in 1963. This wealth was not equally distributed among the races. Nearly three-fifths of private incomes went to the 2,700,000 Chinese and only slightly more than one-fifth to the 3,700,000 Malays; but the Malays compensated for economic inferiority by wielding the political power.

EVEN BEFORE the Malaysian agreement was signed, however, Singapore and Kuala Lumpur had come into bitter conflict. Rahman and his fellow Malay leaders hoped that by restricting Singapore's representation in the federal parliament to fifteen seats (Malaya has 104, Sarawak twenty-four, and Sabah sixteen) in exchange for various economic and other internal advantages, they could confine the ambitious Lee Kuan Yew's politicking to Singapore. This was a serious error, and both the United Malays National Organization and the Malayan Chinese Association, the conservative Chinese communal group in the Alliance troika, reacted angrily when Lee announced his intention to contest the Malayan elections with his predominantly Chinese but multiracial leftist People's Action Party. Much to everyone's surprise, Lee's candidates, though they ran in nine constituencies, won only one.

This rebuff to Lee did nothing to relieve Kuala Lumpur's suspicions, which had already been inflamed when Malay candidates of the People's Action Party defeated United Malays National Organization candidates in the three Malay constituencies in the Singapore elections the previous fall. As Kuala Lumpur saw it, the PAP threatened not only the Alliance's hold over the Chinese but also over the Malays.

In an effort to regain the loyalties of the Singapore Malays, UMNO followed its electoral losses with a Singapore campaign in which Lee and the PAP were unjustly accused of oppressing the Malays and of trying to destroy their religion and culture. This was an open attempt to stir up dormant animosities between the two races, which have lived side by side for many years but have seldom intermarried.

Excited by rabble rousers from the UMNO, including its secretary-general Dato Syed Jaafar Albar, the Malays last July fell on Chinese bystanders during a religious procession in the streets and precipitated the worst racial riots in Singapore's history. While more responsible political leaders in Kuala Lumpur and Singapore tried to calm the now thoroughly inflamed racial passions, Djakarta saw a chance that was too good to miss. A second wave of riots in September was Indonesian-directed. The result has been a tragic loss of confidence throughout Singapore and Malaya. Tens of thousands of Chinese and Malays may not be living in hate, but they are certainly living in fear.

In Singapore especially, these

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tensions have been exacerbated by the effects of Indonesia's "confrontation." Since July there has been a sharp drop in all trade and other economic activity and a substantial increase in unemployment. To an appreciable extent the unity that confrontation had induced has been broken by racial suspicions and doubts. Ill-advisedly, Kuala Lumpur is pushing Malayization and stressing the use of Malay as the national language. Groups of Malay youths have taken to daubing and eradicating English signs and street names, and the government is apparently determined, despite Chinese and Indian opposition, to make Malay the official language by 1967.

ALL OF THIS has contributed to a feeling among many non-Malays that the official concept of Malaysia is that it is for the Malays. "They don't even seem to want us to join in the fight against Indonesian confrontation," said a Eurasian. "Consciously or not, the Malays appear determined to regard themselves as the chosen people." This feeling is prevalent not only in Malaya and Singapore but also in Sabah and Sarawak, where the arrival of Malay government officials to take over federal jobs aroused widespread resentment.

A two-year political truce between Kuala Lumpur and Singapore has taken some of the heat out of the internal situation. It is nevertheless far from certain that the moderate and genial Rahman will be able to restrain UMNO hotheads from carrying on their inflammatory propaganda, or that Lee Kuan Yew will be able to temper his political ambitions, especially if the economic situation in Singapore continues to deteriorate.

British attempts to persuade Kuala Lumpur to form a coalition government in the face of Indonesian threats and to include Lee in a senior cabinet position, preferably as foreign minister, have been indignantly rebuffed. Thus, while the dangers of disunity are recognized, no one seems willing to make the real compromise that the situation demands. Unless and until that compromise is effected, the disunited Federation of Malaysia will remain a tempting target for Sukarno.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Kids in Wrangell

JOAN K. DAVIDSON

FOR more than a year, here in this small fishing and lumbering village in southeastern Alaska, our children have flourished in a world cut to a child's scale. Wrangell, on a green and thickly wooded island, has one long street. Four blocks of it are paved, and the rest is mud and rocks and puddles. What Wrangell lacks in breadth of choice it makes up for in simplicity and clarity. Everybody's job is work a child can see. One's friends' parents run fishing boats, or pick shrimp in the cannery, or guide machines at the lumber mill, or wait on table, or manage a store, or shovel ice on fish. They are home for lunch. They can be found and visited at any time of the day. No father vanishes in the morning to an office who knows where to do who knows what.

The week in Wrangell has its rhythm. Monday is the Day of Plenty. Alaska Steamship arrives from Seattle, bringing our only fresh fruit and vegetables, meat, milk, and eggs, at about twice Stateside prices. And cottony white bread, made in Portland and tasteless enough when eaten there fresh. Many Wrangell people buy it, though it is a week old and expensive, in preference to the fine bread made daily in our good little bakery—thus demonstrating once again the appeal of the exotic. Monday is the day for magazines and packages and manna from Sears. And Monday is New York *Times* Day—the week's supply in a bunch. Into this peace of no TV, no daily newspaper, and only intermittent radio, the *Times* bursts like an explosion. On Monday there is politics, Vietnam, the race question. By Tuesday we have had enough of that clamorous world and draw the quiet of this place about us again.

During the week the fresh produce in the stores dwindles, until by the

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weekend, or even Thursday, there is often not a head of lettuce to be found, or a pound of butter, or an orange—and the grocery bins are forlorn and bare.

Though perhaps the worst hardship we have had to face is the sympathy of friends and relations who imagine us buried under ice and snow getting along bravely on a diet of blubber, the fact remains that winter here was, for many weeks, dark and cold. From November until March we awoke in a pitch-black house, and there were mornings when we all wore coats and boots and mittens at breakfast. On winter mornings the children started off on their mile walk to school with the moon still brightly shining as steam rose in white mists from the sea, and came home in the darkness of three o'clock to a house where lights were already turned on.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL in Wrangell, comfortably wooden and old-fashioned, mixes all shapes and sizes and kinds of students—Indians, Japanese, Scandinavian, fast ones, slow ones—in a way that almost no city or suburban school can do any more. It is staffed, in general, by superior teachers who came to this frontier country long before the time of the Peace Corps, wanting to teach native children.

The school playground is respectably furnished with jungle gym, see-saws, and a metal merry-go-round, but most of the children ignore these irrelevancies and go about the serious business of play in their own way, in the real world. The real world is outdoors, everywhere. A child in Wrangell is free, and safe, to go anywhere, needing grown-ups only to make sandwiches. Water is all around us, but Wrangell children learn early to respect river and sea. Eagles have been known to swoop down and carry off a pet cat or small dog, but never a baby yet. And though bears inhabit the forests, they are not often seen near town.

The primal force that rolls the tides seems also to guide the comings and goings of Wrangell children. In the snowy months they swoop down hillsides on sleds and cardboard trays, and skate and skid around the pond in the woods. At Christmastime there is the magical walk in among frost-crusted trees to cut a big fir for the living room and a small hemlock for each child's own.

Before the salmon even begin to run, boys scrape aside the snow in the roadways to make room for marbles, kites go aloft, and ropes everywhere spin around jumping girls. Soon, sure enough, daylight begins to come earlier and stay longer. Then on the warm spring afternoons hide-and-seek time arrives, sending children of all ages dashing among the houses and far into the woods until it is late for supper.

ON WEEKENDS and all during the long summer our children were on the beaches, gathering pebbles and starfish and rusty boat whistles and whitened antlers, climbing rocks and drift logs, and snagging old boots out of the water. Or they rode their bikes on the dirt road that leads from town—two miles in one direction, past the city dump and the Indian petroglyphs, to a glorious bay where there are remains of an old whaling pier; or in the other direction, past the Wrangell Institute (one of the two boarding schools in Alaska run by the Federal Indian Bureau for native children from communities too small to support a school of their own—Eskimos from the Arctic Circle, Aleuts, Athabascans from the interior) eight long miles till the road stops at Pat's Creek, a clear, fast-rushing river.

Totem poles are rooted here and there in the village. Some, untouched since the Tlingit Indians carved them many decades ago, stand splitting and fading, crisscrossed with electric wires against a backdrop of churches and oil cans. The Chamber of Commerce or some other do-gooder has recently dressed up others with bright new store paint, making them ugly and grotesque like an old woman with rouge.

On the edge of town is Mount Dewey, a deep-green, mysterious, twenty-minute mountain that even a four-year-old can hoist himself up on by means of roots and branches, although a dog often needs a boost. Tall, bare-trunked evergreens grow all the way to the top, and thick moss is underfoot. Caves and hide-aways dot the ascent. At the summit a child can lie on his back on lichen-covered boulders watching the wind sway the great trees above him and listening to their trunks squeak together. From far below come sawmill buzzings, and sometimes the pealing of ships' bells.

Wrangell children are close to the commerce of great ships: the Japa-

To a Child with a Top

Pointing to earth, it stands, plump and erect
as you, and with a nervous hum it sings,
seeming to sense what's balanced, what's correct.
The earth's a top: ask God—He pulled the strings.

And when your shrieks of childish revelation
unwind into enlightenment and poise,
you'll find that the earth spins with all creation
on principles you learned from early toys.

That's right; and there's a new depth in its hum.
The globe flickers, and a quick trembling
tells what is missing: *equilibrium.*

Didn't it look so fine, loosed from the string!
Watch now: it wobbles, topples from its pivot.
Its only strength was what your string could give it.

—RICHARD MOORE

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nese lumber ships that arrive from Nagoya and Osaka, high and empty, and depart a week later squatting low in the water under loads of lumber and gigantic cedar logs strapped across bow and stern; the elegant ferry, swift as an ocean liner, that sails the Inside Passage, cutting through Wrangell waters twice a day; the white and gleaming tourist boats that during the summer months call at Wrangell two or three times a week and spill out for a few hours on the town their cargo of retired Canadian gentlemen and ladies in tweeds, who strike unerringly for the gift shop. The school band greets every tourist boat, and at the first strains of martial music, carried to all corners of the island on clear summer air, children emerge from everywhere, running.

THERE HAVE BEEN memorable expeditions: to Anan Creek, halfway around the island by boat, to watch bears fish salmon out of a turbulent river, and to hike up to the headwaters where the salmon spawn; to Garnet Ledge, at the mouth of the Stikine River, redolent of the Gold Rush, to hack away with picks at the hillside and come home with pocketsful of dark red, twelve-surfaced garnets; a trip by seaplane to visit Indian villages. Here we stumbled on one, long since deserted, of which nothing could be seen as we approached from the water but a lone totem pole standing on the beach, badly charred. After wading ashore, we bushwhacked through dense undergrowth and finally emerged, bitten and scratched, into a clearing where the sun shone through into the dark silence of giant trees. There, lying on the forest floor, were ancient totem poles, at least sixty feet long and four feet across, their carvings still discernible through the moss that covered them; and before us, still standing, immense figures of cedar—eagles, beavers, bears, human beings. One felt the nearness of Raven, who the Tlingits believed brought the sun and moon and stars to earth in a wooden box.

Children have useful work to do in Wrangell. Most of them are taught early how to handle a gun. Some help provide moosemeat and venison for family meals, though our own boys have been restricted to shooting soup cans off logs. From our house we can see the crab wharf and know when the boats come in to unload their squirming cargo in great wire cages. Then in a minute a child can be down the hill and in the cannery, where the crabs are butchered, steamed, and "shaken"—and can bring home a bagful of fresh crabmeat for lunch. A child who hangs patiently around the town wharf when the salmon are being weighed and packed with ice is often rewarded with an undersize fish to take home. He carries it high, since it is usually as long as he is.

What has been the good life for our children has, for a while, been the good life for us, too. But moving back to New York is going home for us. It will not be going home for the children, and I cannot help grieving a little that their world, once so clear, will now become in large part incomprehensible; that childhood's natural abandon will now be constrained by the perpetual need for somebody's permission; that the exhilaration of being useful may now wither in the unreality of made-work city jobs. But at least they have tasted one kind of freedom. They probably won't forget it.

A Slapstick Renaissance

WALKER STUART

BACK IN 1895 the brothers Lumière made a thirty-second movie in which a gardener is shown watering a lawn with a hose: a child steps on the hose, the gardener looks into the nozzle to see what has happened, the child steps off, and the gardener gets it full in the face. That burst of water signaled the marriage of the infant motion-picture industry to the ancient art of slapstick. In the new medium, it was possible to capture a considerable breadth of comic action in any locale, to focus attention on the smallest significant detail, and to combine the resultant pieces of film in whatever lengths and whatever sequences might be necessary to create the maximum comic effect. The result was a comedy form that has extracted more laughter from more people than any other amusement ever devised, with the possible exception of tickling.

The new form went through various stages of development, concentrating in turn on fast one-shot gags, on trick photography, on faster and faster and more and more improbable action, and finally on combining these elements with the carefully constructed gag, running anywhere from one to five minutes and, when successful, carrying the audience from tentative chuckles to side-splitting roars. These sequences could then be strung together so that the end of one would lead into the buildup of the next, to produce, as in the case of a few classics, almost continuous laughter.

AFTER the basic techniques of film slapstick had been worked out, its development grew along two separate lines, each identified with its foremost exponent. Mack Sennett went in for more Keystone Cops, more bathing beauties, funnier-looking comedians, and faster, broader, wilder, and more hair-raising action; Chaplin, turning to stories that were more than just a framework to hang gags on, developed characters capable of moving an audience to tears and sympathy as well as to laughter. The clown became a man, and slapstick acquired a new dimension.

By the late 1920's each type of comedy reached a peak in skill, popularity, and volume. With the coming of sound film, the flow dwindled although it was sustained honorably by performers ranging from the Marx Brothers to Jerry Lewis. Nevertheless, it remained a relative trickle until recently. Today, slapstick is back as part of one of the periodic resurgences of comedy in the movie business. Three current films illustrating three very different approaches to the form are *A Shot in the*

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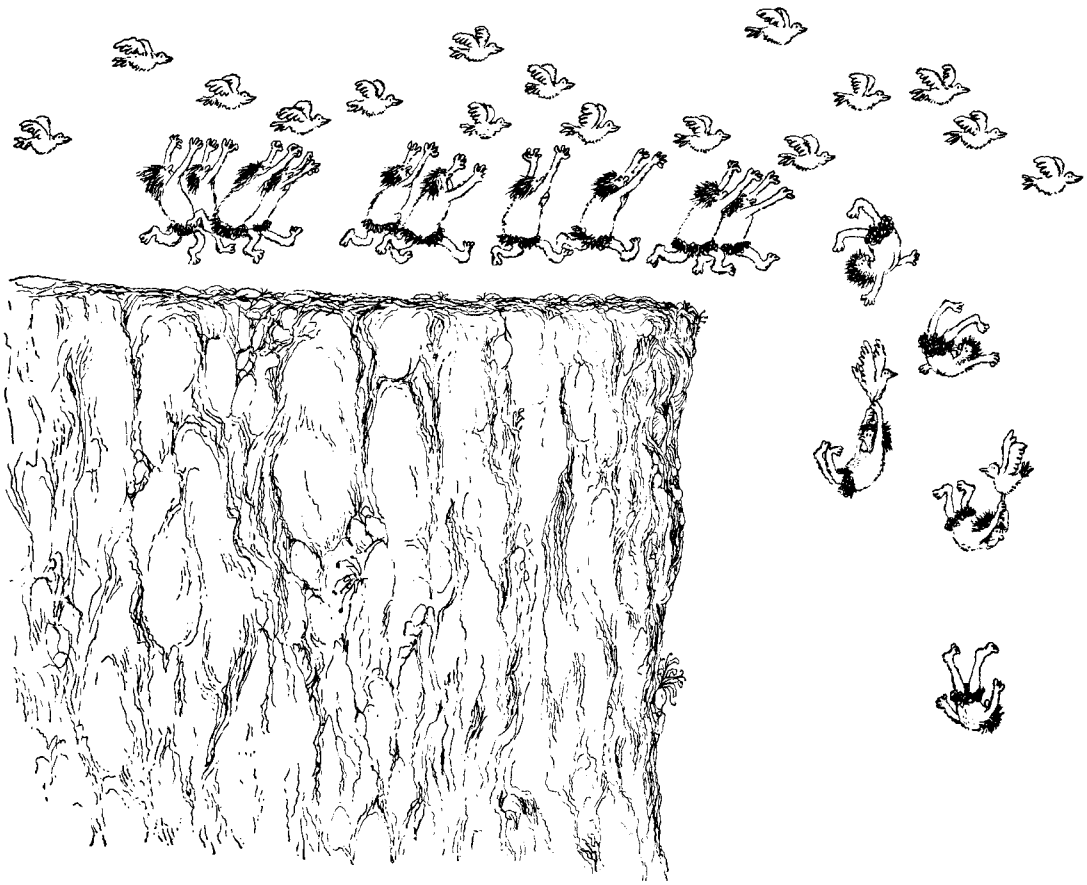
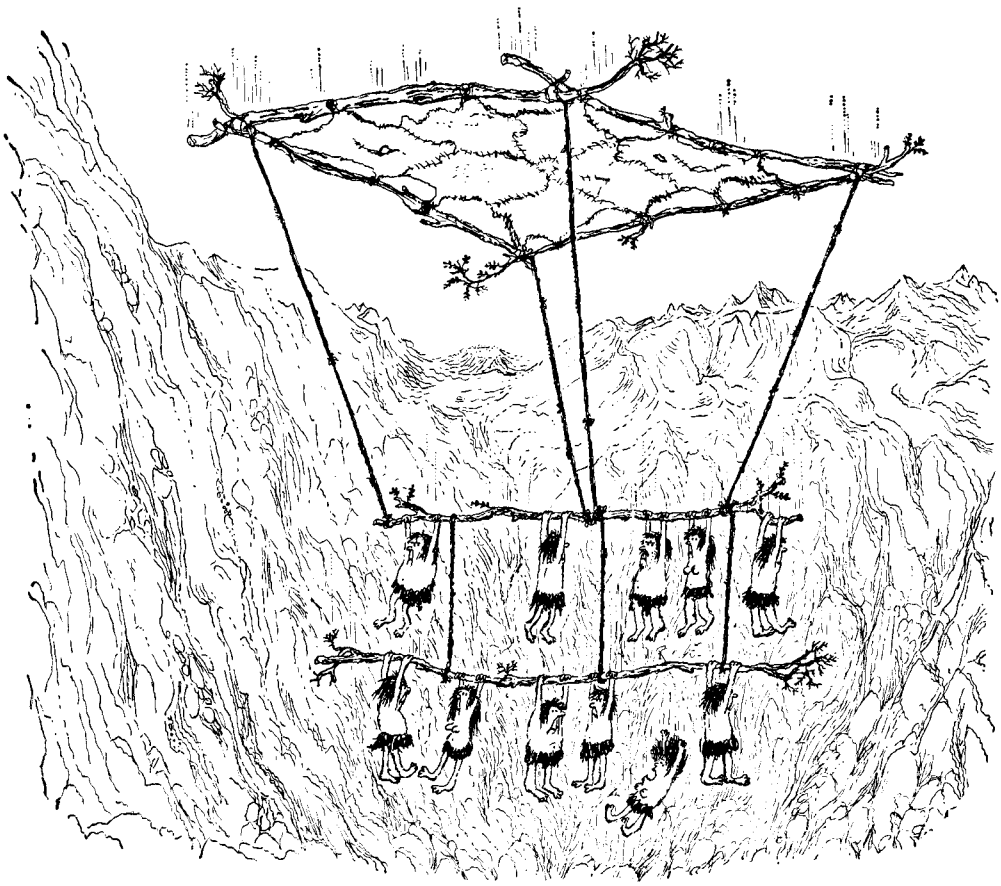


Flight by Fernando Krahn



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Dark, A Hard Day's Night, and *That Man from Rio.*

THE FILMS of Blake Edwards, who wrote, directed, and produced *A Shot in the Dark,* always show that he has done a certain amount of homework. Two years ago, in *Experiment in Terror,* he combined a good working knowledge of Cluzot, Hitchcock, Carol Reed, and other old pros with his own sense of the dramatic to put together a creditable suspense film. *Breakfast at Tiffany's* in 1961 and *The Pink Panther* in 1964 reflected a considerable knowledge of and feeling for sophisticated comedy. And in *The Pink Panther,* several carefully worked out and executed slapstick sequences demonstrated that he was also familiar with the masters of the silent comedy. In *A Shot in the Dark* he relies heavily on their techniques, with results that range from the hilarious to the embarrassing.

As Inspector Clouseau of the Sûreté, Peter Sellers plays a bungling detective who falls in love with the prime suspect in a murder case, played by Elke Sommer, and goes through many improbable adventures before he proves that she is innocent. There are many very funny one-shot gags, most of them variations on tried and true slapstick routines. For example, Sellers gives his destination to the driver of a police car, who speeds away before Sellers has a chance to get inside. On another occasion he steps backward out of his car into a pond. There are two or three good running gags and several hilarious long sequences, in one of which—a bedroom scene with Sellers and Miss Sommer—a valet practicing karate assaults Sellers, a champagne bottle is broken over someone's head, feathers from a pillow fly all over the room, and a time bomb explodes.

But much of the film is simply not funny. Sellers gives a long dissertation to his assistant on the use of facts and logic in criminal investigation, only to have the assistant come to the opposite conclusion deduced from the facts of the case at hand. The assistant's punch line is mildly amusing, but the audience has seen it coming from afar and in the meantime has had to sit through so much labored dialogue that whatever effect it might have had is lost. To make matters worse, Edwards uses the routine twice. Several sequences would have been much funnier had more time and effort been put into them. In one, Sellers, after another unnecessary conversation with his assistant, prepares to break down the door of an apartment. With lowered head and braced shoulder he rushes toward the door just as someone on the other side opens it, so that Sellers hurtles through, across the room, out a window on the other side, and into a pool below. The gag lasts for about ten seconds and gets one of the biggest short laughs of the film. But it could have produced at least a minute of steadily increasing laughter if the material at the beginning of the sequence, which contributes nothing to either the pace of the film or the gag that followed, had been replaced by even the most elementary kind of buildup. The rush through the room would have been a climax instead of a fleeting gag. The transitions at times also seem to suffer from a lack of inspiration or effort or both. Time and again a gag ends, the laughter dies down, the cast stands around as though not knowing what to do next, and the awkward pause is broken by Sellers delivering a line such as "What is that you said?" to someone who has said nothing. This may be followed by some inconsequential dialogue before the picture starts moving forward again.

A Shot in the Dark is a film in the Mack Sennett tradition of slapstick—funny cops, buxom girls, broad gags. But it is wildly uneven and lacks the exuberance and the pace of the best of the type. Edwards the writer-director does not have a completely sure touch in slapstick. And Edwards the producer was unwilling or unable to spend the time, effort, and money required to get the most out of his material. There are, however, enough laughs to send one away with the feeling that the movie is funnier than it really is.

SENNETT'S FORMULAS are followed with greater success in *A Hard Day's Night,* the first commercial film starring four young men known collectively as the Beatles. In exuberance and pace it measures up to the best in the genre. The trick in using inexperienced and untrained actors is to tailor the script to their natural gifts and to be flexible enough to cover and to fill in the gaps when things do not work out. The Beatles have several things going for them. They are immensely likable, wildly uninhibited in action and deft with patter. They have good timing and distinct senses of humor ranging from way-out funny to mildly amusing, and all of them can manage to look as though their tongues were in their cheeks even when they are licking their lips.

The Beatles are at their best when they are playing against each other. When the necessities of the script require one of them to exchange lines with another member of the cast, more than a hint of amateurism creeps into the performance. The director, Richard Lester, and his writers have kept such sequences to a minimum, and most of the contact that the four have with the outside world is confined to broad physical comedy or to patter among themselves about whoever is sharing the scene. Without overdoing it, Lester has taken full advantage of the slapstick possibilities inherent in the constant pursuit of the Beatles by hordes of teen-age girls. He also has created several other routines that are extremely funny. His greatest contribution, however, is his use of the camera. In many sequences it is completely mobile and its movements, often quite unorthodox, match and reinforce the crazy goings-on. At times he has speeded up the action with his camera. One such sequence, showing his four stars cavorting in an open field, is one of the funniest and most imaginative scenes filmed in some time.

It is too bad that a Beatle movie must have Beatle songs in it to satisfy the screaming teens. But even here, Lester has turned a problem into an asset. Only two songs are sung straight on. The others are included painlessly by very dextrous intercutting of sound and picture so that the quartet seems to be singing at the same time that they are actually doing something else. In short, Lester has captured the crazy-funny attractive quality of the Beatles. Moreover, he has

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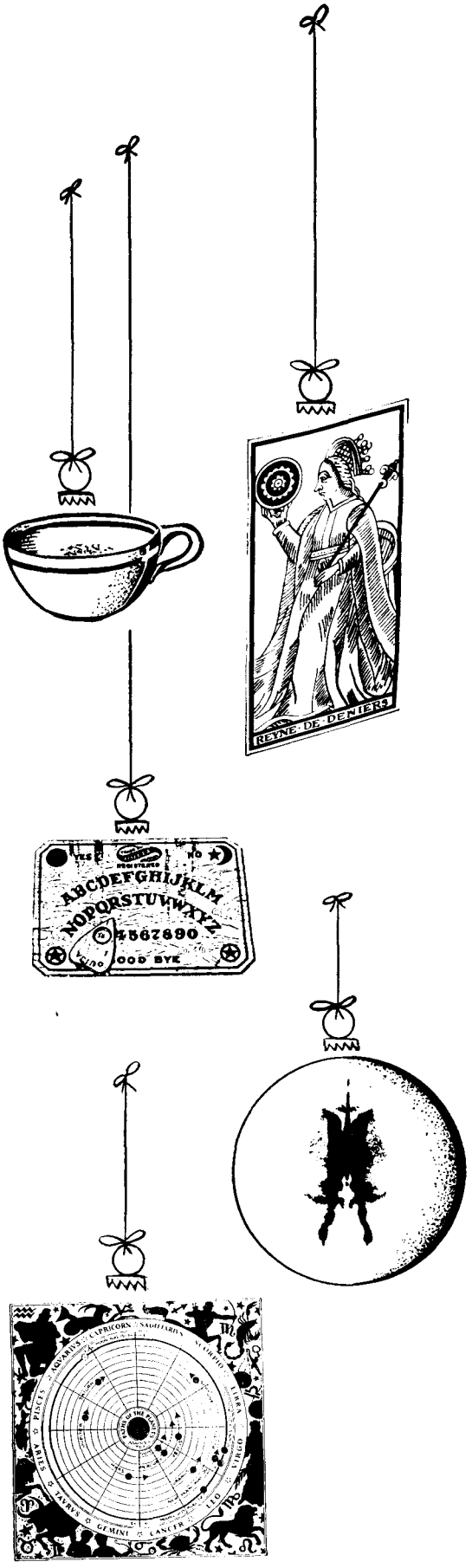

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enhanced them with his imaginative use of slapstick and the camera.

In *That Man from Rio*, the slapstick is broad but the story line and the sentimental delineation of the characters put the film more in the Chaplin than the Sennett tradition. Philippe de Broca, the French director, has a sure sense of slapstick and of the medium in general. This circumstance gives him the freedom to realize the full potential of his material with the greatest artistic economy. An improbable plot, which includes archeological discovery, kidnapping, robbery, flight, and pursuit by almost every known form of locomotion, murder by poison dart, and buried treasure, is kept moving forward at an incredibly fast pace, all neatly tied together by a funny and tender little love story. With the help of several very good actors, some of whom have been cast against type, de Broca has created a group of exaggerated but very believable characters. His camera gets the most pictorially out of many spectacular locations, and the whole action is infused with a pleasant atmosphere of comic expectancy that functions very much like a continuous buildup, adding force and body to each comedy sequence as it erupts. Although de Broca obviously is familiar with the classic comedy techniques, his use of them is always subordinated to his own comic inventiveness and sense of pace. There is almost nothing in the film that does not either advance the plot, add to the comedy, enrich the characters, or contribute to the atmosphere, and the result is a film that is almost continuously exciting, funny, and human.

All three of these films are destined for commercial success. In terms of how well they do what they set out to do, only the last two can be judged completely successful. Both de Broca and Lester are in masterful control of the slapstick and other techniques they employ to get the most out of their material. Blake Edwards, however, gives the impression that he set out to make a slapstick comedy, found that he was not at home in the form, and yet stuck doggedly at it even when some of the old tricks weren't working for him.

Going for Baroque

JOHN M. CONLY

The most fascinating and elusive figure on the musical scene these days—at least as far as record manufacturers are concerned—is the Baroque buff, a listener tuned exclusively to the period that Webster places at about 1550-1750. Of his existence there can be no doubt. He is extremely articulate. When he is neglected, record makers get letters of high eloquence and literacy, demanding more and more music by Telemann, Schültz, Marc-Antoine Charpentier, Manfredini, and, especially, Vivaldi.

What often happens next is why disc companies find the Baroque buff a vexatious customer indeed. To illustrate: last year the Book-of-the-Month Club, in response to these blandishments, issued through its Classics Record Library a three-disc album of Vivaldi—fourteen concertos, including the ever popular *Four Seasons*. A beautiful set in all ways, it is priced about fifteen per cent below what the average dealer would have charged. It did set a sort of house sales record, but not, unfortunately, one of which BOMC personnel care to be reminded. Their attitude is understandable to me.

As it happens, I wrote the publicity for the album, and it did not require extrasensory perception to enable the enthusiasts in my neighborhood to surmise that I would have a complimentary set around the house. Indeed, hardly had I received it when a young graduate student whom I knew slightly arrived at my door bearing a portable tape recorder. On this instrument, in four-track stereo at 3¾ inches per second, he copied all six record sides, and quietly and politely departed. Moments later, another free-loader arrived, similar in every way to the first. He too left with three hours of recorded music—procured at a cost of about a dollar an hour. Plainly, Vivaldi was getting plenty of mileage but was not exactly paying his way.

This paints a slightly exaggerated picture. Vivaldi was, after all, one of the great Baroque triad, along with Bach and Handel, and occupies two pages in the current Schwann catalogue. All those entries wouldn't be there if he were a disastrous money-loser. Just the same, the Baroque market seems not to be an affluent one. The Library of Recorded Masterpieces apparently also has discovered this. The Library (150 East 82nd Street, New York) is a subscription-sales company founded as a sort of artistic tribute by the late Max Goberman, a veteran Broadway musical director. His avowed intent was to record all 104 Haydn symphonies and all four hundred-plus Vivaldi concertos. Goberman died in Vienna while working on the Haydn project after only seventeen Vivaldi records had been cut. The company is negotiating to complete the Haydn project, but not the Vivaldi. Each Goberman issue was accompanied by a complete score and annotations, handsomely packaged and priced (by mail order from the company) at either $8.50 (subscribers) or $10 per record. Apparently the Haydn public had the money and the generally younger Vivaldi crowd did not. The Vivaldi records, however, are not being dropped; they are now to be sold through retail outlets at conventional prices, without the trimmings.

Vox has had a kindred experience. Rather early in LP days, Vox began issuing huge, luxurious Baroque packages—Vivaldi, Corelli, Torelli. These were an expression of the personal taste of the company's president George Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, whose illustrious forebear is credited with having retrieved J. S. Bach from limbo. They weren't expected to make money and probably didn't. However, Vox has now found a more practical way to market Baroque music: "Vox Boxes." These obligate the buyer to buy two or three discs at a time, but he gets them for about $3.30 per record. The complete *Opus 5* of Corelli, for example, twelve concerti grossi, costs $9.95, stereo or mono. Some of the Boxes are remakes of the earlier de luxe albums. (Vox

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at 211 East 43rd Street, New York, will furnish catalogues.)

Both Angel and Vanguard/Bach Guild have conscientiously fed a flow of Baroque music to record dealers, staying mainly with the more or less established favorites, but these have a distinctly limited appeal for the dedicated Baroque buff. Deutsche Grammophon, in its Archive series, has traversed the period several times on different levels, and will continue to do so. Very few dealers try to stock the Archive output, but a catalogue is available through M-G-M's Classical Division, 1540 Broadway, New York. This company, incidentally, recently joined an inevitable industry trend by reducing stereo records to the same price as monos.

Also worthy of mention is Boston Records' fascinating four-record set *Music of the Bach Family* (Boston BUA-1). The set covers the latter Baroque as completely, in spirit, as did the redoubtable family itself, and ranges from Johann Christoph (b. 1642) to Karl Philipp Emmanuel (d. 1788).

BY FAR the most interesting attempt to cope with the growing taste for the Baroque, however, is that of the Musical Heritage Society (1991 Broadway, New York). This is strictly a mail-order organization, offering records not otherwise available in the United States and confining itself almost completely to Baroque music.

The guiding spirit of MHS is Dr. Michael Naida, its founder, who was one of the three founders of Westminster Records in 1949. Born in Russia but raised mainly in Vienna, where he received his medical doctorate, he owned one of Central Europe's largest record collections at the time of his last international move, from Bucharest to New York before the Second World War. He gave it away. Encountering the usual trouble of wartime European doctors with licensing here in the 1940's, he made his hobby his business and has been in recording ever since. When the original Westminster ownership broke up after ten years, Dr. Naida had the idea of catering to a musical public that he knew existed but that was not well heeled. He made arrangements with several of the smaller European companies to audition their Baroque tapes and then had the discs made to his own exacting specifications. The records were to sell for $2.50 each, stereo or mono. This meant minimal waste and overhead, hence the direct-mail approach. Membership in the Society entails no obligations and bestows a bonus of two records for two dollars at renewal time.

Several MHS releases have sold well beyond the ten-thousand mark. The Handel *Fireworks* music and a trio of Bach cantatas were standards, but a Telemann concerto collection was the sort of record the average retailer would shy away from. Another unusual item in the MHS lists is the De Lalande *Te Deum*. The ordinary retailer would probably not stock this disc even if he were offered a gross as a gift, but MHS has had a good deal of success with it. It is a matter, as Dr. Naida delicately puts it, of "taste, and of saturation."

WHEN he mentions saturation, he means Beethoven and Tchaikovsky. The Baroque devotee craves something in music other than the self-searching and *Sturm und Drang* that Beethoven began. The most popular spokesman of this most elegant form of escapism is a disc jockey (for want of a better word), known simply as de Koven, who tapes a weekly hour-long, subscription-paid show in New York that is rebroadcast in Detroit, Boston, Seattle, Norfolk, and Edmonton. He is fervent and magisterial, and his following is impressive, intellectually if not numerically. So is his mail.

When I asked de Koven not long ago to define the essence of the appeal of Baroque music, he readily acknowledged but brushed aside the historian's view of the Baroque as the last stable social age, with monarch, noble, bourgeois, and peasant each secure in his rank. "That would not be enough for us," he said. "There is something more. This is music of reassurance. It is built out of conscience and competence. It comes of something the composers had that not all of us accept, at least not easily. It is an external certainty that reflects inwardly. However alien it may seem in these days, it is inescapable to me. They believed in God."

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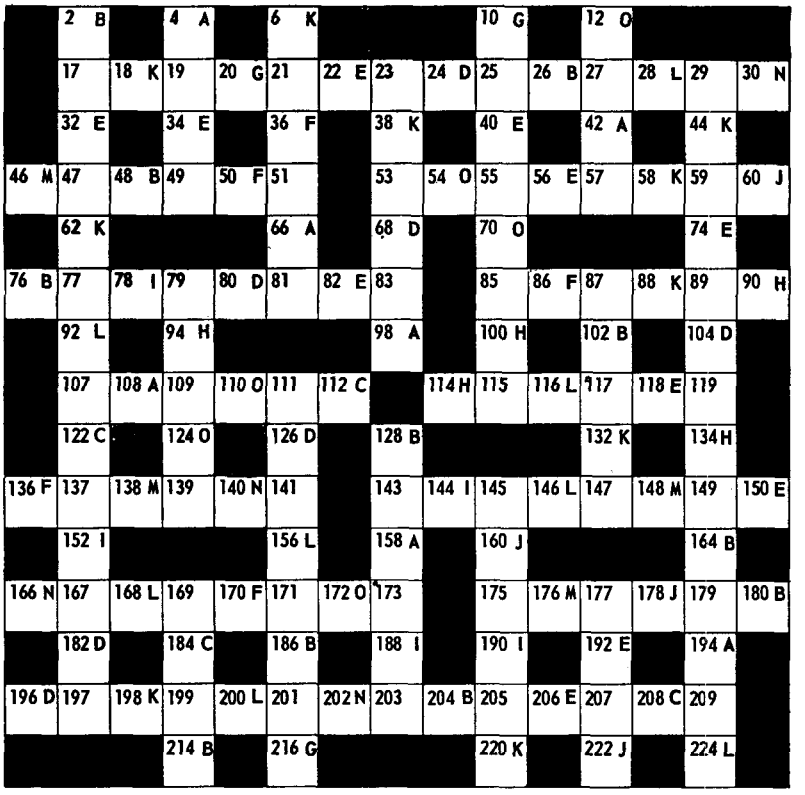
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
4 194 42 98 158 66 108 To squirm.

B
76 164 214 102 128 204 2 180 48 186 26 Any of a genus of toothed birds.

C
122 184 112 208 "Say, has some wet bird-haunted English _____ /Lent it the music of its trees...?" Matthew Arnold, "Parting."

D
196 104 126 24 182 68 80 A large Old World plover.

E
82 32 56 74 206 150 192 34 118 22 40 An emetic.

F
136 170 50 86 36 "A moment yet the_____ stops, / And looks around, to say farewell." Thackeray, "The End of the Play."

G
20 124 216 10 To ogle, flirt (slang).

H
134 114 90 94 100 "He is crazed with the_____of far Arabia." De la Mare, "Arabia."

I
144 152 188 190 78 An insert mark.

J
60 160 222 178 "She knows her man, and when you_____and swear / Can draw you to her with a single hair." Dryden, "Persius, Satires."

K
88 6 198 18 132 62 38 44 58 220 Stern or severe.

L
156 28 200 168 116 146 92 224 Not required.

M
148 138 176 46 Afternoon receptions.

N
166 30 202 140 "Almost at_____with morning, which is which." Shakespeare, "Macbeth."

O
110 54 172 70 12 The fifth of the seven canonical hours.

ACROSS

17. Is the stew then formed whence London society comes? (4,3,4, 3).
46. Dispatch when stoned (4,2).
53. With 2 down, title of the Acrostician (8,2,12).
76. *With much toil, gain an engraving.*
85. You can't do business in ale, son (2,4).
107. Ye town, ye know, still at present (3,3).
114. Posts that seem to be heaped up.
136. A poem I'm unwilling to hear.
143. A hundred lice, etc.? I'm choosy!
166. I canoed in to the south side of a cathedral (2,6).
175. What one may catch with seasoning.
196. A Mormon recently canonized? (6,3,5).

DOWN

2. See 53 across.
4. Blue dye found about in Canada ownership.
6. Take a walk, but revolve at last.
10. Exclamatory kind of days hereafter.
12. Roil in a less tired condition.
23. A drink that costs twelve hundred and one!
29. Works of Pope, Reynolds, as stair once calls (10,4).
79. How did the French tar at the place of worship?
87. The cost I find for the philosopher.
111. Unclose atmospheres or free style music? (4,4).
128. Exodus the Acrostician might have made.
145. Tea-tales are the most up-to-date.
169. Heat easily for the Scots.
177. The urn I find completely broken.

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BOOKS

Sartre Resartus

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

THE WORDS, by Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated by Bernard Frechtman. *George Braziller. $5.*

In the beginning was the Word, many a writer could say as he looks back to his initiation through the magic of the written word. This is particularly true in France, where formal education, with its emphasis on the specifically literary, tends to form writers. Everything in French teaching, indeed, pushes the child to express himself pertinently and elegantly, to know and admire his literary patrimony, and even to dream of enriching that patrimony.

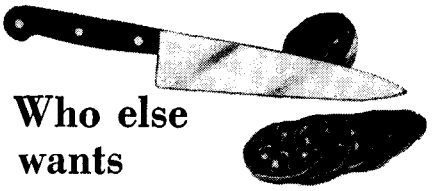
But the case of Jean-Paul Sartre is exceptional even in France. He was a child prodigy. Teaching himself to read at an extraordinarily early age, whetting his childish imagination simultaneously on the "classics" of his grandfather's library and thrillers from the corner kiosk, then urged by example and mimetism to writing thrillers himself, he precociously rushed the evolution so that it was virtually completed even before his real schooling began at the age of ten. Meanwhile, living in the usual child's dream world, he acted out the breathtaking adventures of the swashbuckling heroes he met in books and films (there is a marvelous evocation here of the pre-1915 movies) and even wrote new scenarios for his solitary theatre. But, worried by the compulsive outpourings of such an overexcited imagination, his domineering and doting grandfather, a smug Alsatian teacher of French to German pupils, dictated his future career by suggesting a safer combination of two professions:

> Teaching gave a man leisure. Scholarly interests went hand in hand with those of men of letters. I would move back and forth from one priestly function to the other. I would live in close contact with the great writers. At one and the same time, I would reveal their works to my pupils and draw upon them for inspiration. I would beguile my provincial solitude by composing poems, by translating Horace into blank verse. I would write short literary articles for the local papers, a brilliant essay on the teaching of Greek for the *Pedagogic Review*, another on the psychology of adolescents. Upon my death, unpublished works would be found among my papers, a meditation on the sea, a one-act comedy, a few sensitive and scholarly pages on the monuments of Aurillac, enough to fill a thin volume that would be edited by former pupils.

THIS is precisely what Jean-Paul Sartre did in life, although his brilliant record at the Ecole Normale Supérieure provided a less provincial exile than Aurillac and his own writings have had far greater importance and enjoyed a much wider public than those foreseen here. Yet, as many passages in his memoirs show, he is the first to be aware of the ironic parallel.

Written as Sartre is on the point of turning sixty, *The Words* covers only the first eleven or twelve years of his life. Fortunately, there are hints in this very lively and too brief volume that there will be more memoirs to come. In view of his general revulsion against the past, clearly stated here, and his "loathing" of his "rejected, lost, forgotten childhood," such a record was decidedly unexpected. Viewing himself and his family with an acute lucidity bathed in an irony that is at times mildly indulgent and at times almost savage, he portrays the boy growing up between a young widowed mother, adoring and adored, and a somewhat tyrannical, opinionated grandfather, the uncle of Albert Schweitzer. It tells quite flatly of the mingling of Protestant and Catholic faiths which led to no faith, joyfully of the absence of a father, most unemotionally of his own ugliness, and pathetically of his rejection by other children.

Most of all, however, as the title suggests, *The Words* concerns "little



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YET until now there was something lacking. Each of the great writers of the past has had something lovable about him, at once broadly human and peculiar to him. His readers could somehow identify with him while still admiring him. Until now, Jean-Paul Sartre has not inspired such an attitude in most readers. *The Words* introduces us into a new intimacy with the father of our new Existentialism and the author of the rather cold dialectical works bearing his name. All at once, we see Sartre as a man.

Dropout From What?

NAT HENTOFF

COMPULSORY MIS-EDUCATION, by Paul Goodman. *Horizon Press. $3.95.*

A seventeen-year-old Puerto Rican on New York's lower East Side was explaining recently why he had dropped out of school. "One or two teachers I had gave a damn about me. The rest were too busy or too dragged with what they were doing. And I wasn't learning nothing. Man, I learned more English in the street than I ever did in school."

In one sense, the boy's decision was an act of self-affirmation, a refusal to be conned into a belief that he *was* being educated. In another sense, of course, his decision is all too apt to constrict him to a lifetime of scrabbling for rapidly disappearing low-skilled jobs. For as Paul Goodman mournfully concedes in *Compulsory Mis-Education,* schooling has now become the only route upward.

His analysis focuses not only on the schools' failure to hold and stimulate the "disadvantaged" but also on what he regards as their pervasive failure to educate all classes of youngsters. By education he means simply and reasonably the liberating and strengthening of a youth's initiative so that he can be "useful to society and . . . fulfill his own best powers." It is the latter task, Goodman claims, in which the schools are particularly remiss.

It is difficult to deny Goodman's contention that there is less and less opportunity for "spontaneity" and "free spirit" in an overcrowded school system which, "with its increasingly set curriculum, stricter grading, [and] incredible amounts of testing, is already a vast machine to shape acceptable responses." The scholastically bright compete fiercely for upper-echelon jobs while "the majority—those who are bright but not scholastic, and those who are not especially bright but have other kinds of vitality—are being subdued."

Having been thus educated in a lockstep, those who finish school become part of an adult society in which independent initiative and inventiveness are increasingly limited mainly to "top management and expert advisers." The rest have little pride of achievement in their work, and they experience self-limiting, conformist satisfactions in what they make of their leisure time because they have been compressed into more than vocational molds while still in school.

ONE of Goodman's suggestions to allow individuality to break through is his call for an educational policy that will "allow for periodic quitting and easy return to the scholastic ladder, so that the young have time to find themselves and to study when they are themselves ready." Kingman Brewster, Jr., president of Yale, has suggested that colleges ought to establish a regular program, including financial help, that will permit students to take a year off in order to learn more about them-

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selves and the world. As Goodman says, after twelve years of doing assigned lessons for grades, many students need "enough life-experience to be educable on the college level, especially in the social sciences and humanities."

Goodman, moreover, would start the opportunities for periodic quitting in high school. For example, he would allow young people to leave for a time to engage in community service ("working in understaffed hospitals or as school-aides" as well as in rural rehabilitation and conservation). For those not adapted to an academic curriculum, Goodman proposes different kinds of colleges modeled after the Danish Folk-Schools, "where youngsters who have left school to go to work can return between the ages of 18 and 25 to learn oral history, current events, practical science and the politics of science, and to act plays and play music."

But Goodman does not sufficiently focus on what can be done to change the educational values in elementary schools, not only with regard to ways and content of teaching but also in terms of finding and training a new breed of teachers of the young. These would be teachers who agree with Goodman that schooling should have an initiatory and moral meaning and also that while "There is a case for uniform standards of achievement . . . they *cannot* be reached by uniform techniques."

Nor, it might be added, can these standards be reached for a broad cross-section of children through tightly homogeneous "track" systems by which the scholastically bright are separated, starting in the early school years, from the "slow" children who then proceed to become even slower by acting out a self-fulfilling prophecy.

To recruit and train these teachers and to make classes small enough so that heterogeneous groupings can work for the benefit of all the youngsters requires money. And money is based on politics. The one major weakness of Goodman's book is that he makes his proposals in a political vacuum without specifying how society can be moved to realize just how unviable the present education system is.

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Our Literary Tocqueville

ROBERT SKLAR

THE SYMBOLIC MEANING: The Uncollected Versions of *Studies in Classic American Literature*, by D. H. Lawrence. Edited by Armin Arnold. *Viking. $5.*

PAINTINGS OF D. H. LAWRENCE, edited by Mervyn Levy, with essays by Harry T. Moore, Jack Lindsay, and Herbert Read. *Viking. $12.50.*

Lawrence speaks to Americans in the voice of a prophet as he never has to his own countrymen. Therein lay the appeal of his *Studies in Classic American Literature* when it was rediscovered during the postwar revival of his novels. Lawrence was acclaimed as our great foreign interpreter because despite his irony he liked American writers—and more because he explained them to us in ways we had been too timorous and too involved to see. "If America will accept me and England won't, I belong to America," Lawrence had proclaimed from Taos, New Mexico, when he arrived there in 1922. He was already sick of America when he wrote the *Studies* in 1923, but the future was in his blood, and America was the future to him, for good or ill. Now with the first book publication of his early essays on American literature, we can know the reason why.

Five critical years, years beginning in defeat and ending in international fame and success, separate *The Symbolic Meaning* from the later *Studies*. Lawrence first began to study American literature at the lowest point in his career, in 1916, when America seemed a haven of escape. The two great novels on which his reputation now rests were behind him. But *The Rainbow* had been suppressed, and no publisher would then touch *Women in Love*. He thought of setting up a utopian community in Florida or lecturing across the United States. In 1917 and 1918 he prepared a series of essays on American literature, giving them all his imaginative energy at a time when he was at the height of his creative powers. The eight essays that were printed in the *English Review* have now been brought together, along with a later essay on Whitman and three essays never published before.

The symbolic language of the classic Americans struck responsive depths in Lawrence. He had already begun, vaguely but passionately, to outline his mature philosophy. Suddenly the American writers dragged him into their dark forests and over their stormy seas. Lawrence was a dualist, a polarizer, but he saw in his reading of the Americans the possibility of a liberating synthesis. In American history and conscious American art he found the culminating experience of western civilization, the triumph of mind and will, the turning of men into machines. But in the deepest symbolic undertones of American literature he caught the glimmerings of a "mystic transubstantiation," a new flowering forth of men into natural being. From Franklin and Crèvecoeur he moved to Cooper, and there in Natty Bumppo of the Leatherstocking novels he saw the final consummation of the white race's consciousness, "the flower which burns down to mould, to liberate the new seed." Through Poe and Hawthorne and Dana he came to Melville, of whom he was the first important rediscoverer. Moby-Dick, the white whale, was the "deep, free sacral consciousness" western man sought unsuccessfully to destroy. And in Whitman, "the greatest of the Americans" despite his faults, Lawrence found the language and vision of an emerging sense of new being for mankind. "The whole being is there, sensually throbbing, spiritually quivering, mentally, ideally speaking. . . . It is perfect and whole." Beyond the final willful mechanization of life opened a new field of living.

When Lawrence came to revise the American essays in Taos, he dropped the slow, reasoned perceptions of his desperate years. Instead he wrote in a clipped, forceful style and ironic humor that reflect his success, his certainty, his confidence, and his disgust with life in Taos. "Lucky Coleridge, who got no farther than Bristol. Some of us have gone all the way." Still, *Studies in Classic American Literature* remains our literary Tocqueville. The early essays make neither a better nor a more important book. But for the insights it can give new readers into Lawrence and the American classics, *The Symbolic Meaning* is an exceptional and indispensable book.

LIKE WHITMAN, whom he so admired, Lawrence was large, he contained multitudes. His own generation saw him only in brief lightning flashes, and the postwar revival came about by narrowing his range. With the first publication of his collected paintings, one more aspect of his versatile genius reasserts itself.

Ideologically, Lawrence placed himself with Cézanne, whom he called the most important figure in modern art. "He wished to displace our present mode of mental-visual consciousness, the consciousness of mental concepts, and substitute a mode of consciousness that was predominantly intuitive, the awareness of touch," Lawrence wrote in 1929. "Leave out all your thoughts, all your feelings, all your mind, and all your personality, which we know all about and find boring beyond endurance. Leave it all out—and be an apple!"

Lawrence began to paint seriously only after settling in Italy in 1926. Twenty-six oils and watercolors that he painted in Italy were put on exhibition in London in 1929. The exhibition was closed by the police, and thirteen paintings were seized as evidence for a prosecution under the Obscenity Act, though an agreement that no further exhibitions should be held in England secured their release. A volume of the paintings in the exhibit was published in a limited edition in 1929, and now they are brought together with his youthful landscapes in *Paintings of D. H. Lawrence*.

"Not immortal, not masterpieces, not 'great,' not even 'lovely,'" Sir Herbert Read writes in his essay in the volume, "but these paintings will not die so soon as Lawrence himself might have wished." Some are crude or overly didactic, but in others the drama and prophecy and richness of his vision are conveyed in an almost mystical way. They represent Lawrence's desire to create in all forms of art his vision of human vitality.

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He sped back and sketched the Wainwright Building, "a very sudden and volcanic design," Sullivan recalled, "made literally in three minutes." Frank Lloyd Wright, his chief draughtsman, remembered the thrill of looking over the drawing board, "I was perfectly aware of what had happened. The skyscraper as a new thing beneath the sun . . . with virtue, individuality, beauty all its own, was born."

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